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Of The United Presbyterian Church

+ MAY, 1949 +

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A Little Time Apart

Lilavati Singh

a radiant

Christian Educator

of whom a former

President of the United States

said, after hearing her:

"If I had given

a million dollars

to missions

and she were the only result,

I would feel satisfied."

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

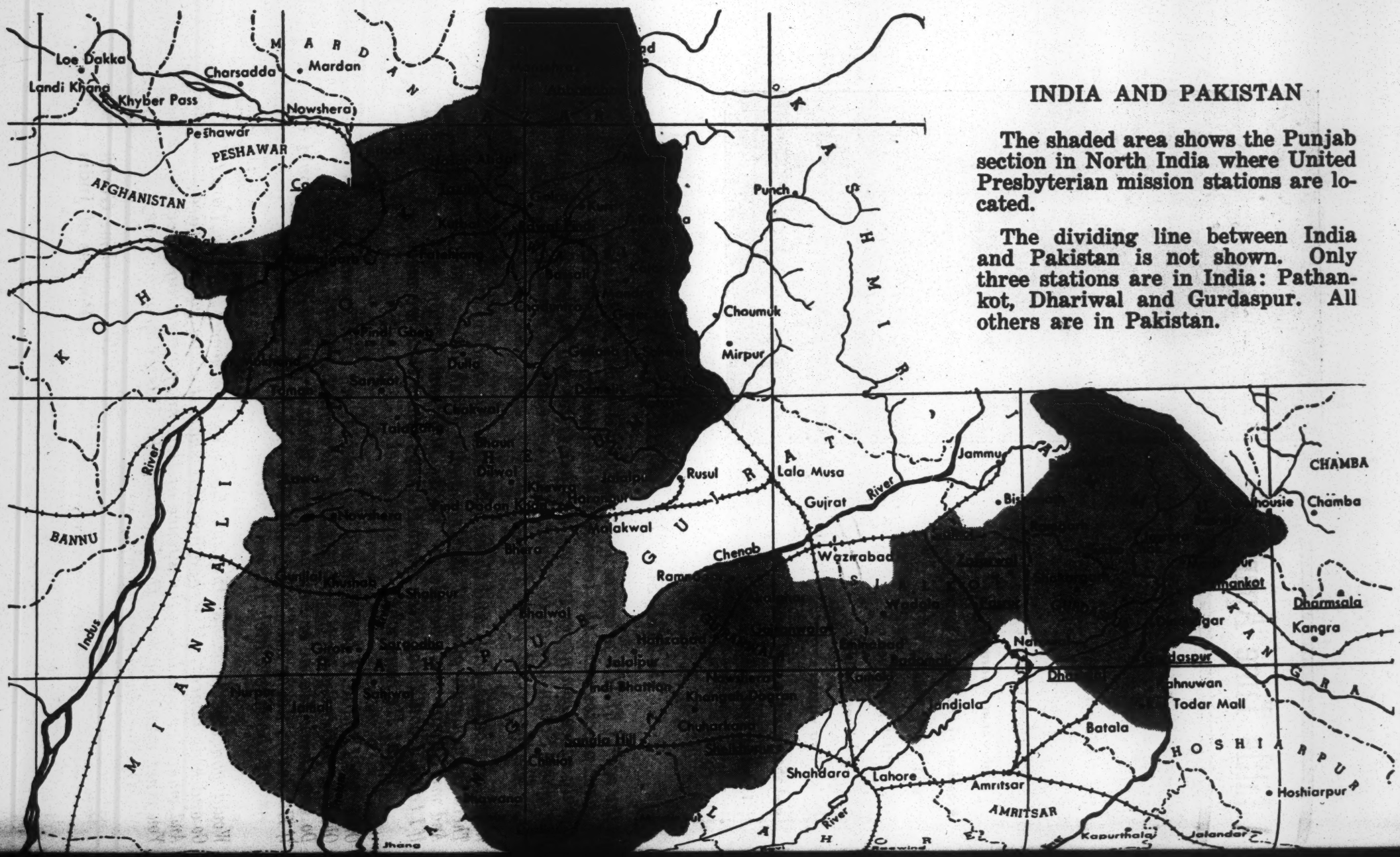
In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go,
To the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Savior rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet;
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we meet,
What He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see,
Of the sins which He must see.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadows this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face,
Of the Master in your face.

—Ellen Lakshmi Goreh
Poetess of India



INDIA AND PAKISTAN

The shaded area shows the Punjab section in North India where United Presbyterian mission stations are located.

The dividing line between India and Pakistan is not shown. Only three stations are in India: Pathankot, Dhariwal and Gurdaspur. All others are in Pakistan.

The Women's Missionary Magazine

of the United Presbyterian Church

VOL. LXII MAY, 1949 No. 9

LEARNING THE GLORY SONG

"The Song Of India"

(INDIA AND PAKISTAN)

Prelude by MRS. PAUL A. MILLER, Associate Editor, Gujranwala, Pakistan

Someone has facetiously remarked that the oft-quoted phrase "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" was a conclusion Kipling reached after he had been listening to some typical Indian music! To Western ears the music of the East sometimes comes as almost "an assault of discordant sound"—difficult to understand and for which a taste and appreciation must be acquired.

During the period of our preparation for missionary service we were some years in the class of Phonetics under the late Dr. Thomas Cummings who informed us the Hindustani sentence has an entirely different construction, and rhythm and tone from the English sentence. He even claimed that a single word of exclamation, a sigh, or a yawn reveals this Eastern influence. So perhaps it is not surprising that music should be a new experience for one accustomed to the music of the West. Beverly Nichols in his book, *Verdict on India* states that the unpredictable element in both the vocal and instrumental music of India is due to the fact that each performer takes the liberty of improvising to such an extent that one rarely hears the original composition.

When some special ceremony calls for band or orchestral music, one hears the lilting tones of the flute or pipe; the twang of the stringed instrument; the blare of the trumpet, and against all these, the steady, incessant rhythmic beat of the drums as a background. These drums, called "tablas" are much in use all over India. It is reported there are over two hundred different kinds. One finds such drums as the young girl is playing in back-cover picture in every village group and always someone skilled in playing it. No sticks are used, but swift deft fingers; the lower palm and the thumb is used also. Frequently it is the only instrument used in our village worship services.

In former times professional musicians and singers known as "mirasis" toured the country-side and, like the wandering minstrels and bards of Scotland, brought their music to the village festivals; to increase the merriment of marriage feasts;

Indian Band
Playing
for a Service

and to wail and mourn at the time of death or disaster. They had no settled home and led a gypsy-like, nomadic type of existence. Their skill on the instruments was considerable, but their lyrics were of a low type. It is reported the songs were mainly of a low, even lewd character. However, the melodies were attractive and well known, so it was not strange that the committee selecting tunes to incorporate into the Psalter as a book of songs for the newly established Church, should choose some of them to accompany the Psalms of David, bringing the Songs of the Sweet Singer of Israel into contact with these ancient melodies. So our church has been enriched by this combination and has received a truly Eastern Psaltery. The compiling of this was a joint national and missionary effort, in which our former loved worker, Miss Mary Martin labored with Rev. I. Shahbaz for a long period.

Thus it was a work of genuine reclamation and a venture of faith to take these old tunes from their doubtful and evil association of the past and to put them into the service of the Glory Songs to a Holy God. Truly a new song, rendered by a redeemed people to their Redeemer —by means of redeemed tunes! Today the old background has been entirely forgotten and the *Zaburs* are widely used by Christians all over the Church of the Punjab. We who are privileged to sing these songs with our Indian Christian friends and to unite our efforts in the bringing in of Christ's Kingdom in this needy land, can prove that in our Lord we are truly united and echo the words of John Oxenham:

"In Christ there is no East or West
In Him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of love,
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
Close binding all mankind.

Join hands then brothers of the faith
Whate'er your race may be.
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both East and West
In Him meet South and North;
All Christly souls are one in Him
Throughout the whole wide earth."

Miss Zarreen Shadi Khan, with the stringed instrument (front cover) and Miss Sarwar Shadi Kahn, the young girl with the tablas, are daughters of Padre Shadi Kahn a minister of our Church now engaged in educational work. There are four attractive daughters and three sons in this family, with many gifts and talents. They often sing and play together.)

COVER PICTURES

We are grateful to Mrs. Paul A. Miller and to Rev. C. Emerson McBane and other missionaries for their untiring work in securing these cover pictures for the May Magazine.

Songs In The Night

By MISS EVELYN M. McKELVEY, R.N., On Furlough, Hartford, Wisconsin

Mercy was ill! She had been ill many months and often the pastor of the village had urged her husband to take her to the mission hospital for treatment. Sometimes, at night after the children were asleep, Mercy and her husband, Life, discussed the possibility of her going. Life's old half-blind father even put in a word too; but how could a mother tear herself away from her little ones? Who would care for the new baby? Perhaps GOD, seeing their need, and the impossibility of her going, would heal her right here at home.

Gradually Mercy became thinner and weaker, her cough was worse, bright spots burned on her cheeks. She could no longer nurse the baby but had to beg milk from one of the many cows belonging to her husband's overlord. Second-smallest was sick too, so Ten-year-old-daughter had to stay home from Mission Boarding School to cook and do the housework. Finally Old-father-in-law ordered his son to take Mercy to the hospital, saying he could manage with the three older children until Life returned.

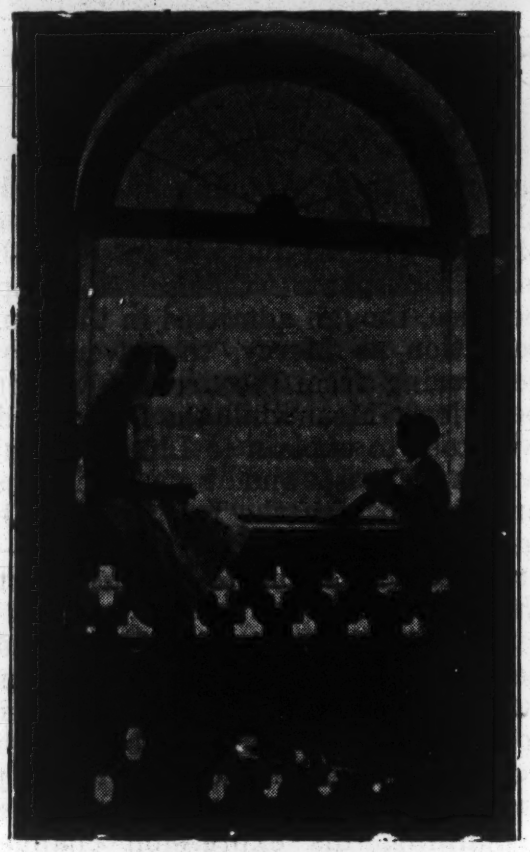
Mercy had to sit down to rest many times before they reached the railroad station, but at last the journey was ended. She, Life, and the two wee ones were waiting hopefully at the hospital door. Seeing Mercy's weakened condition, the orderly at the door quickly brought a wheel chair and took her to the examining room, while Life and the babies waited outside on the bench.

Examination completed, Mercy was taken by the reassuring nurse to the cheerful "Fresh Air Ward," where she was greeted and welcomed by the other occupants; themselves happy because, though admitted in the same condition as Mercy, they were now recovering from the dread fever, tuberculosis. Meanwhile the Doctor-lady went out to explain to Life about his wife's illness, and how she must promise to stay the full time of the treatment—perhaps even two years—or there was no use to admit her into the hospital.

Mercy's illness and worry made her look much older than her mere twenty years, but Life, standing there so straight and smiling before the doctor, hardly seemed his twenty-two. However, as Doctor continued explaining, his expression changed from happiness to doubt, then to despair. He finally squatted down at the doctor's feet, bowed his head and wept aloud, a signal for both babes to lift up their voices too. Who would care for his children, cook his food, while he labored in the fields of his overlord from dawn till dark? How could he spare his wife that long?

The doctor emphasized that Mercy would soon be called to her Heavenly Home unless treated now, then how would he care for his children and home? This brought on a fresh demonstration of grief, before which the doctor stood helpless. The door orderly now came forward, squatted

Christian Village Women Grinding Flour



By a Hospital Window

beside the sorrowing Life, put a comforting arm over his shoulders and proceeded to speak hopeful words. This was his Lord Jesus Christ's hospital and everyone who served here, from the youngest student nurse to the Big-Doctor herself, prayed for each patient, so he was to take comfort for surely his Mercy would be restored to him. Gradually the despair was replaced by hope and a quiet strength.

Life turned to the doctor asking if the little ones might stay with their mother. She would be lonely without them and how could he care for a not-quite-two-year-old and a ten-months-old baby? He felt sure the doctor-lady would refuse but he had to try. Doctor explained again that Mercy's treatment was absolute rest, then how could she care for two wee ones. Besides, her illness was infectious and if the babies remained with her they also would become ill, in fact little Second-smallest was already weak looking. But, continued Doctor, if Life wished, both little ones could be admitted to the Baby Fold department of the Hospital, and would be taken twice a week, to peek at their mother through the screen. He could visit them whenever he came to see Mercy.

So much information was almost too inclusive for Life to absorb in one short hour, but he politely said "Salaam" (meaning "peace," used also at times as "thank you"), gathered his little two in his arms, and followed the orderly to the Fresh Air Ward to talk it over with Mercy. Now it was Life's turn to comfort and be firm, as Mercy was determined she could not be separated from her family and home for so long a time. He was gentle and hopeful in answering all her fears, never showing any of his own sorrow. Gradually she too was quieted, and they decided ten-month-old Samuel should stay in the hospital Baby Fold, but Little Ruth should return to the village with her father.

At first both Samuel and Mercy were homesick, but gradually they became accustomed to the hospital routine, and Mercy found, as the Nurse had promised, that the Fresh Air Ward was truly the happiest, prettiest ward in the hospital.

The Evangelist-lady would teach them new songs after the Bible lesson each day. Then, after "Lights out" at night, they would all sing, as the two little school girls, now well enough to be allowed to sit up, would tap out rhythm on their improvised bedside-table-top drums. Even the Moslem patients, in spite of custom, learned to sing, for they are taught in their own religion that it is evil for women to sing.

Dark days came! Fear was a blanket smothering trust and kindliness between neighbors because Hindus and Moslems didn't worship the only ONE who ever said, "*Love one another!*" "*Do unto others as ye would be done by!*" "*Be ye kind one to another!*" Although Mercy could not read, she had a quick memory and

was able to quote many comforting words of JESUS during those terrible days of so much horror, killing and fighting. If she worried about her loved ones in the village near the border, she seemed to have an upholding inner strength, enough for herself and to spare for the others.

Once, when the days were blackest with fear and carnage, Life appeared to tell his wife all was well, and he had painted a big Cross on his door so any stranger passing would know he was a Christian, thus not mistake his household as belonging to either of the fighting groups. However, Mercy did not visit with him long; but sent him quickly home lest the children be frightened, shut up alone in the house with Old-father-in-law. So Life didn't have the heart to tell her that little Ruth had faded away and gone to be with her JESUS, who had so compassionately said, *"Suffer the little children to come unto me!"*

Everywhere Christians, so long the down - trodden, the depressed, the fearful, seemed to have acquired a new Spirit of valiant brother-love and were rescuing and helping any fugitives to escape who came to their doors, notwithstanding threat of death itself at the hands of the murdering hunters. Their means of livelihood was dwindling, as their overlords and masters fought each other; yet they could not refuse to help.

Month after month went by and still the slaughter continued. One day a group of Christians arrived at the hospital asking for Mercy. Something in their sad demeanor put a shock of dread into the heart of the nurse from whom they inquired. To her instant query one of them replied, "Yes, we are the bringers of bad news." Life was no more. He had been stabbed by a frenzied Moslem while standing quietly before his Cross-emblazoned door. Doubtless it was a mistake, no other Christian had been disturbed, the attacker had been an outsider from a different village, and must not have realized Life was a Christian. Mercy must return to the village at once if she would look on her husband's face before the body was buried.

Mercy wept, but not as those who have no hope; she knew that her Life had just gone on ahead of her and would be waiting to welcome her when her call came; but, oh, the loneliness! She could not be persuaded to stay on in the hospital, even if some arrangement could be made for the care of the children. No, her place was at home with them and Old-father-in-law as long as it was GOD'S will to spare her. The nurse told her to try to return later to complete her full treatment and her Christian neighbors promised to keep her children so she could return; but one knew that Mercy would just continue on in her village, doing her bit, and comforting others somehow in her own need for comfort.

After Mercy had gone, the Moslem patients marveled at her fortitude, agreeing that she must have some Faith they did not have, for in her place they would have wailed wildly, beating their breasts the while, pulling out their hair, beating their heads against the walls, literally wailing themselves blind in their hopelessness.

Thus, in the dark Night of Sorrow and Despair, rings out the Song of Faith and Courage by two humble Christians, faint at first, but true and triumphant to the last.

Village Church and Congregation

Minor Strains In India

By MISS VIDA GRAHAM, Pathankot, East Punjab, India

Minor strains in music suggest sadness and sorrow and when the music changes to the more joyous, clearer notes of the major chords our hearts lift and thrill with joy again. The word "resolve" means a change to something different. In music, "resolving a chord means one chord passing to some other more restful chord and the resolution of a restless chord to a restful one is pleasing to the ear. There are two *restful* tones in every scale and five *restless*. Each *restless* tone has nearby a *restful* tone towards which it reaches out and wants to go."

Does this not suggest a parallel to us as we think of problems and difficulties and needs in India and as we find some of the answers and solutions and watch the resolving of the restless chords into restful ones?

Three of your Mission stations in the Punjab are cut off from the rest of the India Mission by a barrier or boundary and a "No-Man's Land" that is almost as difficult to cross as were the boundaries in Europe during the war and require passport visas and special permits and time-consuming red tape. Letters are censored oftentimes and delayed. The result is that our small group of five Women's Board missionaries and two missionary families sometimes feel isolated and alone. We miss the counsel and help of the larger group and are under the necessity of making many decisions ourselves that we would like to refer to Mission Committees. Mission action at Annual Meeting time last year established an East Punjab Regional Authority Council consisting of the missionaries working on this side and three Indian representatives. We have had three meetings and have appointed the necessary committees. God is blessing our efforts and we are often encouraged and praise God for all He is doing but we need your prayers very much.

Milk depot for refugees. School munshi is getting the names and checking the list.

There are still refugees and needy people all about us. A poor harvest has brought hunger to many village Christians. There has been little work and almost no pay in grain for them. Pastors and evangelists, who have been taking part of their salary in grain, find part of it cut off at a time when food and living expenses are very high. Yet District missionaries report that they hear few complaints and requests for aid.

The cost of living has gone far beyond the ability of the ordinary wage earner to pay. Low salaries still prevailing in our schools and for other types of work make for restlessness and concern as to how to meet the daily expenses. Good jobs and high pay in military and government employ add to the difficulties for the large difference in the scale of pay brings not only the feeling of dissatisfaction to those getting the lower pay but many temptations to those getting much more. Gambling and drinking are disrupting the har-

mony of worship and Christian fellowship and causing discords in home and community in certain centers. But, thank God for more and more who are resisting the pressure of the brotherhood and the force of custom and who, in His strength, are victorious through the temptations.

Individual hearts are hearing the sweet music of Christ's call to them. Their restlessness is finding rest in Him. God grant that no note of ours may clash with their halting or feeble sounds, and so bring discouragement or discord.

The nation is still a very new one and the government is in a state of being formed. Suspicion and bitterness yet remain in many hearts from those awful days of rioting and bloodshed. There is a feeling of insecurity and a fear for the future both among Christians and non-Christians. But out of it all we see resolving some major chords for there is a new pride and courage in the realization that the country is their own, a new determination to build a good country; there is decided breaking down in the old caste system; there is shaking of the faith of many in the old gods and in the old customs; there is an increased interest in Christianity and in the Christian message.

We thank God for the major chords sounding out right here in Pathankot and in Gurdaspur and in Dhariwal—for loyal and cooperative co-workers in schools and dispensary and district, for the friendliness and good-will and the interest of our Hindu and Sikh friends in the town toward school and dispensary, for the big opportunity now in the new Training School to teach those who are preparing to be teachers, more than half of whom are non-Christian. What a challenge as we realize the unique opportunity for building into them the qualities of the Master, for showing them how to use His methods of teaching, for putting before them Christ as the perfect teacher!

We have over 70 in the Boarding House of the John and Jane Denham Memorial High School now and 140 from the town. This is a big growth since the partition days when the boundary left the school in India and her boarding house girls over in Pakistan. We are still short staffed but are hopeful for more applications are coming in now and we hope for a good, strong staff of teachers for the new year beginning the first of June.

The interest among the young men in the town, the new Christian Men's Club, the English Bible Class each Sabbath morning, the early morning prayer fellowships, the awakened interest in some congregations all strike major chords that thrill and encourage.

Won't you pray that difficulties that still sound a minor strain may be resolved also? Many village girls in Gurdaspur District need to be in school but cannot afford the fees of the high school here. We have taken some in on very low fees and are praying for some scholarships so that we can take in some more. If you could see how happy they are when they get word that they may come, you would know that in their hearts some restful tones are being found.

A doctor is needed for the Dispensary. Miss Lamont and the school nurse and Bible Woman are ministering to the body and soul of many sick women and children every day but

Pastor Williams and Village School Girls from His District

how often the minor strains sound forth from needy and suffering people! And how often patients have to be sent to the Civil Hospital in the town because they need more than a nurse can do for them!

A Hindi-speaking Bible Woman is needed to go with Miss Trimble into city and villages. Hindi is the language mostly used throughout this section now. Pray that one may be found soon who will be able to tell and teach the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

A missionary is needed in Gurdaspur to take Miss Wengert's place. Minor strains are sounding strong these days for this next week she has to close the little school she started a year ago when work in the city became difficult. The school has become dear to her heart and to the hearts of the children. Parents have been begging that it be kept open but we have no one to take Miss Wengert's place, so here continues a minor strain.

More trained evangelists and pastors are needed in this district. Three young men desire training but funds are not yet available for them. More trained teachers and doctors and nurses are needed. Won't you pray that scholarship funds will become available for this purpose and this problem be solved? Only as we train leaders aright for our church and country can we make that church and that country strong and worthy. As the church becomes a powerful witnessing church the country will become more than aware of its witness for it will ring out true and clear. Then the minor strains will burst forth into the major chords of the great victorious song of the redeemed, for India will know the truth.

"The restless millions wait the Light
Whose coming maketh all things new.
Christ also waits; but men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could?
Have I? Have you?"

Village People Begging for a Minister

"The future of the church in India lies in a strengthening of the village church and this should be done through a carefully planned policy of rural uplift work."—Paul Ramaseshan

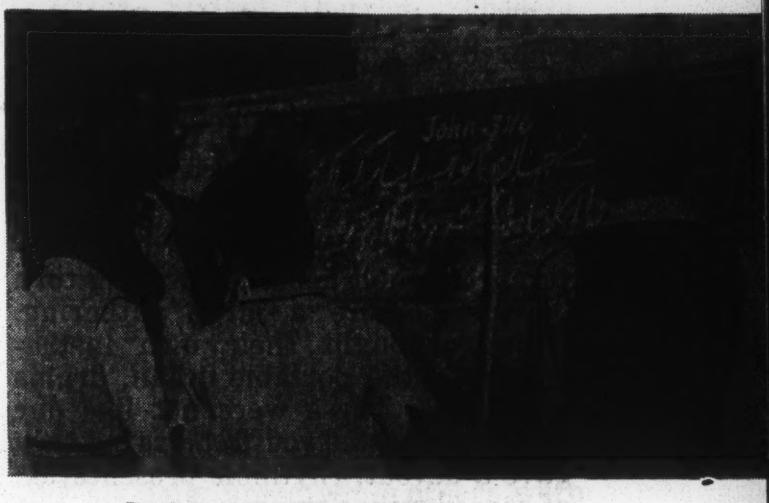
Minor Strains In Pakistan

In Evangelism

By MRS. J. C. ALTER, Hajipur, Sialkot City, Pakistan

The Christians of the Punjab might well be called members of "A singing Church." Many years ago the Psalms were set to Punjabi tunes by a Mission Committee and a talented musician named Shahbaz. These psalms, with their minor strains, were not sad and are still popular throughout the Synod. In fact our church, in its infancy, was nourished by the lyric psalms and from a degraded, ignorant people, despised and downtrodden, they have become a happy, respectable, loving people. In a Moslem State where commonly songs are not sung, the minor hymns of the Church pierce the gloom like a shaft of sunshine. One has only to hear and see the groups of Christians singing as they walk to church through the fields and past other non-Christian homes to realize the life and witness of the minor strains of praise.

At the present time the Church is facing an economic crisis—high prices, unemployment in many places, malnutrition and its accompanying ills. One may well ask, "Can such a people sing even in a minor strain?" We had hardly unpacked our trunks when word came from a village church, "Please come out and sing with the young women, they are so glad you are back from furlough." At my door, the other morning, a shivering, ragged bunch of small orphans patiently waited while their pastor and an elder helped me pick out clothes to fit their small bodies. After thanking me and hugging the precious clothes tightly, one eighty-year old bowed his head and prayed for the children in America who had sent the clothes. They all sang a verse of the twenty-third psalm and trudged happily away down the dusty road to their village.



Preparing the Bible Lesson

Of course there is weeping and sorrow and sometimes fighting due to empty stomachs but not as the non-Christians sorrow and beat their breasts and wail without hope. Only twice had the fires been lit for cooking in four days in the homes of six Christian families. Elder Buta came to our home rather pale and sad to ask for help. I asked him what they did when there was no food to cook and nothing to eat, "Why, Mem-sahiba, we sing and pray. God will provide. He saved us from the riots and preserved our lives then and He will again." And God did provide as all of the men again got work in gut making, an industry which was wrecked a year ago. Our village pastors, who are dependent upon the support of these same destitute people are in many places themselves in need. Relief funds have helped them somewhat and their children have been able to stay in school. They barely get enough of the right food to eat. Powdered milk for the little children and Multi-purpose Food, so

generously sent, have helped to tide them over this period. These material things so express true Christian love that our pastors are giving more courageous messages and are able to sing and smile and pray the clouds away.

The witness of the Christian Church is greatly strengthened by the ability to sing. City congregations have their singing parties; that is, a choir group of young men. At the New Year service in the Saddar Church of Rawalpindi, Rev. David S. Das called these groups from different neighborhoods. They sang turn by turn before a large gathering. Groups brought their own instruments — the portable organ, drums and tongs. These were not like our American vested youth choirs but they gave a devout, rhythmic presentation of sacred minor strains of praise. Not only are these purely voluntary groups singing in the cities but in the rural congregations there are singing parties or youth choirs who sing in church services, in open-air preaching services, and before non-Christians. These minor strains are not brought forth without swelling necks and temperamental drumming and the soloists are apt to chant scripture, chapter and verse, and soar to high minor paens. A high school member of our family was a member of one of these parties. He played the violin and it was not unusual for a hymn to go up three tones in three verses. Last evening we had an evening of praise in our meeting tent. The service was led by these youth choirs. The Moslem mayor of the town was so impressed that he and a friend gave one party Rs 10 and two refugees gave them Rs 2.

The cooing of the dove and the groan of the Persian well are minor, but there is the song of the Christian brother working in the mustard field and here behind my tent is another song from the lips of a mother washing her clothes in the muddy pond and singing as she pounds them on the stone until they are white. The day we reached this camp site (we do not camp for pleasure but to get near to the people) a group of children greeted us. They climbed a mound overlooking the unloading of the oxcarts. Soon we heard them singing lustily.

"For me He suffered, for me He died—
Jesus, my Savior—
For me He rose and will come again,
Jesus, my Savior."

Three of the eleven children were Christian and the rest Moslem neighbors and in all innocence their voices rose to praise Him.

In a village near the Jummu State border lives a woman who is going to be baptized in the Zafarwal Church next Sabbath. About thirteen years ago she was given a New Testament. She delighted to read the Gospel to her family. During the years she was cleaner and more interested in the Gospel. Her caste fled to India at the time of the partition. Her husband became a Moslem. She, her two children and her old mother refused to do likewise. So he deserted them and the women were left unprotected. Lachami knelt beside me and this was her prayer,

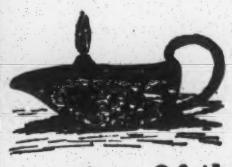
"Jesus, long have I sought Thee—
Long have I loved Thee.
My heart is black with sin, wash it clean.
Help my family to love Thee."

And here is the challenge of modern missions — Educate these children, give the old mother medical care and love and teach and encourage Lachami to sing a Christian song.

The Evangel for Missionary Service is as strong today as it ever has been in any generation. Lift thy eyes to the fields—white unto the harvest. Our Pakistan Mission lies along the frontiers. Our cities and villages are crowded with strangers who have never heard the Gospel story. Who will turn their songs of sorrow into songs of praise? Who will comfort the weary, sick and sad? Who will teach the youth to serve Him? Who will teach the children to sing? Here am I Lord, Send me!

In Literacy And Education

By MISS FRANCES E. BROWN, Sangla Hill, Pakistan



Nine out of ten in Pakistan cannot read. In the Christian Church the figure is even more depressing. Of this silent multitude Dr. Laubach says, "You think it is a pity they cannot read, but the real tragedy is that they have no voice in public affairs, they never vote, they are never represented in any conference, they are the silent victims, the forgotten men, driven like animals, mutely submitting in every age since the pyramids were built." Even greater tragedy is the fact that they cannot read the Word of God.

For ten years we have been working at this adult literacy campaign. What is the present state of affairs?

"There really seems to be more awakeness to learning to read now than I have ever seen," says a recent letter from Gujranwala. "We have people learning to read in nineteen different villages," reports Sialkot. "Thirty-two villages," is the word from Badomali. "A dozen groups," says Sargodha.

Why this new interest? For one thing, the cataclysm of these *Partition years*, with all the accompanying hunger, illness, suffering and economic dislocation, have demanded "relief." In dozens of villages, relief funds have been used to help pay literates to teach illiterates. Sometimes the teachers are fairly well-educated, sometimes they are schoolboys or girls who want to earn fees to go back to Boarding School, and in a few cases they are people who learned to read through this same "Key to Knowledge" primer themselves.

There are many incidents to illustrate. Louise Scott tells of an elder "who reminds me of one of the old prophets." He learned to read in recent years and at Gujranwala's annual "school" for elders and elders-to-be "he was teaching every one he could get hold of to read, every spare moment he had."

From Sialkot District, Theresa Brownlee tells of a girl who after teaching her mother, brothers and sisters to read was set to work teaching others. There are not many Christians in her village, so to find more to teach she walked two miles daily to a village on the Jammu border while the fighting was going on in Kashmir and Jammu States. Fourteen have finished the primer and are now reading the Gospel with her. A man in that district, whose gut-making business was destroyed by the Partition, taught others, "receiving his daily bread while others were learning of the Living Bread."

Margaret Ballantyne reports an unusual group in Campbellpur Basti where only two Christian families would come to a worship service, while the rest of the community and the out-caste Bal Mikis sat near by gambling. However, they eagerly accepted a chance to learn to read and have worked on with a will, though their teacher seems to have no real love for teaching. Six days a week 35 of them have a noontime lesson. On Sabbath after the church service these sweepers have about an hour before they must do their afternoon work in the city, and this time is

Learning to Read

spent in learning to read a Psalm (perhaps one verse a week) and singing it. The twenty "Selected Psalms" printed in large type for new readers are one by one becoming the property of this class. Pray that each, whether his nominal allegiance is to Christ or to the mud idol, Bal Mik, may be born again.

Alice Hill writes of one Sargodha village where the teacher learned to read after she was grown. Her husband is in jail because of participation in some crime while in the army, so she earned the fees to keep her daughter in Girls' Boarding School. In another village the mother is beginning to learn after watching the fun her two big daughters are having over their primers.

One of the features of our recent Presbyterial was a reading contest for new literates, the readers having been selected as outstanding in their local groups. The girl who won first place had been taught by a retired school teacher. The two who tied for second place were taught by another who learned to read this same way.

There seem to be many different reasons for learning to read. One young man in Sargodha wants to go to Seminary but has discovered that he is not welcome so long as he has an illiterate wife. She offered to leave him if that would help, but was told it would ruin his chance. Instead she is learning to read, and has now begun on John. Here in Sangla Hill district we have a young man who had been only a nominal Christian but who came into a real spiritual experience while in the army, when his unit was stationed in Jerusalem and he began to read the Bible. Now he wants to go to Seminary, but has been set first at teaching his wife to read. Another young man with a new Christian experience came for a primer, bringing with him an older man from his village who would teach him. He felt he must read God's Word for himself now. Two weeks later he returned for four more primers for other young men in his village.

For some years Laura MacLachlan has had a trained teacher working in Badomali district, teaching classes himself and directing others. Now with classes going in thirty-two villages his time is entirely occupied with supervision. We could use more men like him, men who would be "willing to live on bicycles" and go from center to center for supervision and encouragement.

For several years the Adult Literacy Committee of our Christian Council has been searching for a suitable man to be organizer in this whole area. Several times negotiations have fallen through, but we are very hopeful now that we have at last found a well-qualified man who is ready to accept the appointment.

Our two biggest problems are lack of suitable literature, and lack of a budget for this work. Dr. Laubach will be in this area for eight days in early April, and one feature of his program is a two-day training conference for people who might write books for new literates. At present we have one new book in the press, have ordered reprints of two others, and hope soon to have the completed manuscript for another new one. We hope that Dr. Laubach's visit will result in many more. As for budget being needed, "Each one teach one" does not work when hunger stalks the land, but tremendous progress has been made this last year by using relief funds to pay teachers. One report has this sad line, "We have no more relief money for adult literacy."

The music of our church, like so much of the music of the Orient, is largely minor. This is probably due to the pessimism and hopelessness underlying life through the centuries. But I have heard Christians sing music written in a minor key so that it was a great shout of triumph. We begin to see something of that same note of triumph when the illiterate begins to read.

In Medical Work

By MISS REBA C. HUNSBERGER, M.D., Memorial Hospital, Sialkot.

Just two years ago in March, 1947, Mr. Blickenstaff of the Inter-Mission Business Office wrote from Bombay asking how much powdered milk and vitamins our hospital would like to have. He was dividing the remaining milk and vitamins which had been supplied by Church World Service of America for the Bengal Famine Relief.

I wrote back, "We always have plenty of poor, non-paying patients. Send all you can."

I was astonished at the large amount we received, however, and wondered when we would ever use ninety cwt. cartons of milk and mounds of vitamins. Famine had left India, we thought! I realize now the Lord was preparing us for the terrible need soon to come.

In August that year, without warning, the deluge was upon us. Before we had time to prepare, hundreds of refugees were pouring into the hospital for shelter, food and medicines. The line of partition across the Punjab was like a knife unsheathed — cutting one community asunder from the other. Our hospital, because it is a Christian institution, became an island of refuge in the midst of stabbings and lootings. This started a wholesale flight of our Hindu and Sikh residents, who were being attacked by Muslims, across to the East Side of the New Partition Line; while at the same time Muslims fled to the West Side of the line, from the onslaught of the Hindus and Sikhs. In a wonderful way Christians were preserved and saved from blood-thirsty mobs.

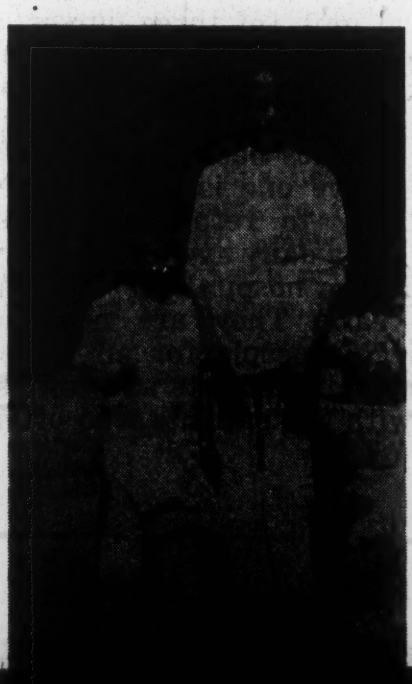
Food supplies were cut off for days—but we were generously supplied with wheat by our military neighbors. We began opening our powdered milk cartons as the laks (100,000) of refugees streamed into Sialkot, and were able, in this way, to keep the sick and wounded alive until they got their strength back. How those vitamins helped the starving people to recover from their deficiency diseases! The night blindness — the swollen feet — the muscular weakness — scurvy and rickets — which developed on the long treks, left a trail of weak humans needing care.

We were just getting our breath from the East Punjab migration, when the Kashmir massacre occurred late in 1947. Those who survived, fled down to the Punjab and filled our recently vacated camps. So the work continued, and has gone on ever since. These people have not been rehabilitated here in Pakistan because they plan to go back to Kashmir State as soon as the plebiscite is over. Thousands of these refugees are here in Sialkot in makeshift shelters—in old burned out factories and discarded barracks. They have stayed through two cold winters, and one hot summer. Exposure and epidemics have taken many lives. The Pakistan government has valiantly organized relief for these people and has fed them for more than a year. A bus comes to our hospital every day for our medical unit (of three nurses, a doctor and a large box of medicines). They go to one of the four different camps on different days. The bus on return, carries back sick patients to us. We have one large ward devoted entirely to refugee patients, and have had a daily average of sixty refugees in the hospital for one and one-half years. They are not the most desirable people for all pieces of cloth, including sheets and towels, walk off with the patients who often

take French leave when they are feeling better. The tragedy of their lot makes us lenient because they have lost their homes and all possessions.

I cannot pay high enough tribute to the wonderful help Christian Relief organizations have brought to these destitute people. First, through the well - organized Church World Service in America have come doctors and nurses and supplies consisting of clothing, sulpha drugs, vitamins, penicillin, powdered milk and soap. Then through the Christian Relief Organization here in Lahore, which is the capital of the West Punjab, these things have been distributed to refugees and needy Christians, in camps and villages, either directly through Christian welfare workers or through mission hospitals and missionary workers here. The people are grateful, and it has been a wonderful way to bear witness to the gospel message of Christ's love to all mankind.

Last week a happy incident occurred in our hospital. We have had a little six-year-old girl with us five months. She was picked up as an unclaimed refugee on the verge of starvation and brought to us by the Muslim League. She did not smile nor speak for weeks and was only interested in food which she ate ravenously with her little claw-like fingers. Lately she has been taking notice of the children about her, and has been going for several weeks to our hospital Sabbath School. Two months ago a boy of twelve was brought in—a mere skeleton. After careful feeding he began to pick up, but continued to lie for days on his bed covered with a grey blanket from head to foot, only sitting up to eat. Last week he went to our Sabbath School. He sat in the Children's class where the little girl was also sitting. They happened to look at each other, and with sudden recognition they ran to each other calling their names, their faces wreathed in smiles. They were brother and sister, united after months of separation and near starvation. Their parents had died in a Kashmir village and they had fled for their lives with the people who were left. They lost each other along the way, and with no one to care for them they had almost died of neglect. Now they tell everyone how they found each other in the House of God, and for the first time there are smiles on their pinched faces, and a sparkle in their long joyless eyes. We call them Justin and Joyce and their reunion has been like a miracle in our midst.



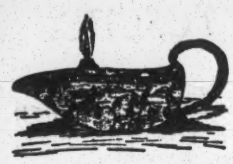
Justin and Joyce

Our well-to-do patients need our sympathy too. Many officers' wives and officials' wives come for treatment. With their beautiful clothes and lovely manners they form a great contrast to the mass of poor patients streaming in and out of the hospital doors. We are challenged by some of the real needs we find among them. A wealthy tailor's wife is admitted now, awaiting an abdominal operation. Her sad countenance made me inquire about her family life. She is the first of three wives of her husband. The other two have children but she has none, so she was long since discarded by her husband and now is little more than the servant of the other wives. This is a common story in a land where the lot of the barren woman is unspeakably hard. Avenues of opportunity are ever opening where we can give help and comfort.

Pray out Helpers — doctors and nurses whose lives are dedicated to Christ's Service.

"In The Secret Of His Presence"

By MISS LOUISE SCOTT, Gujranwala, Pakistan



"And Jehovah said, behold there is a place by me—I will put thee in a cleft of the rock and will cover thee with my hand." Mrs. Jia Lal-Raj Kumari, a true Daughter of The King heard God's invitation, found the secret place, entered it and has found joy, peace and service there for many years (and how she has served). Many times these words have passed her lips, "I early learned to obey." So when Christ called her to leave wealth, family and home and follow Him she did so without flinching even if obeying meant, literally, going out into the dark alone.

Mrs. Jia Lal-Raj Kumari

Before her husband died he had asked her to be sure to go to the Hindu sacred places so as to assure herself of entering Heaven too. So in fulfillment of this promise she set out but also with a true desire to find peace. In the city of Benares, while bathing in the sacred river Ganges she slipped and was in danger of being carried away but was saved by one who heard her frantic calls for help. While getting her out he said, "Sister, you do not sound too anxious to give your life to Mother Ganga." She assured him that he had reached absolutely the correct conclusion and that if he would only get her out she would never be found there again. So far, her sincere search for peace had brought her no satisfaction. Then she was told that in order to be assured of salvation she must crawl through a hole in a certain wall. She did this, only to find herself in the presence of a most repulsive creature who seemed to be very much more interested in the votive offering she gave than in anything connected with her soul. Thus, step by step her long, weary search for peace brought no peace. She went through all the multitudinous funeral rites for her husband. In the winter supplying his soul with all the things required for his journey to paradise and in the summer his summer equipment, a fan, an umbrella, clothes, food, bed, even extra food to feed the crows that would peck him cruelly on the head if they were not fed. All this was sent to him, of course, through the family priest. When this was all done and still she had found not peace she gave up and went to live with her younger brother. Here she was given a place of honor and authority in the home, and here, through some necessary visits to our mission hospital in Jhelum she heard the message of the Gospel from the lips of a Bible Woman who herself had come out of Hinduism. Here she received the invitation to enter into that Secret Place of the Most High, where she has dwelt ever since.

When she knew that she must answer His call, plans had to be made whereby she could turn over the household affairs in an orderly way but without arousing suspicion. So she said to her sister-in-law, "I am tired of carrying these heavy keys around, it's your turn now and if you are to have them you might as well know where things are." She proceeded to tell her what each chest contained. Her sister said, "What ails you anyway, one would think you were going to go away." Her brother was really suspicious and said, "You have been visiting the mission entirely too much, you will have

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Miss Marian T. Peterson
Mrs. Mary Samuel

"In The Secret Of His Presence"

Scene: A class room in the United Bible Training Center, after the class in practice teaching has been dismissed.

Characters: Mrs. Mary Samuel (M.R.S.), and Marian Peterson (M.T.P.) (Authors of this dialog)

M.T.P. Oh, dear, will our girls ever get to the place where they have what you have.

M.R.S. Miss Sahiba, these girls are just children. You can't expect too much of them.

M.T.P. I know they haven't had the experiences you've had, but what distresses me is that they seem to be acquiring a method without the spiritual reality that would make their message ring true.

M.R.S. Yes, these girls have never learned to pray. What you want to see in them can only come from spending time in the secret place.

M.T.P. Yes, but how can we ever teach them that? How did you learn it yourself?

M.R.S. Miss Sahiba, I can't remember a time when I didn't pray. That was part of our home training. But it wasn't till I really got under a burden for someone that I began to understand what prayer could be.

M.T.P. Do you mean it wasn't until you became a Bible Woman?

M.R.S. Oh no, I began learning that while I was still a girl in high school. A few of us were troubled about the naughty girls in our school and we began to meet behind a big log out on the playground, to pray for them. That was the beginning of a new kind of prayer life for me.

M.T.P. And after you left school?

M.R.S. I taught for two years, and then, when I went back to Kinnaird for teachers' training, some of the girls who had known me before, began to come to me with their spiritual problems.

M.T.P. That must have been a heavy responsibility for a girl still in training.

M.R.S. Yes, that drove me to my knees. And then, as president of our Y.W.C.A. I learned to depend on the Lord for help in all sorts of problems. Mrs. McClure, the lady who later made my trip to America possible, and who knew my family in Pindi, came to call on me while I was still in school. She suggested we each study Romans, especially on Sabbath, and then write down what the Lord had taught us out of it, and send it to each other. That was my start in Bible study.

M.T.P. You taught later in Pindi, didn't you?

M.R.S. Yes, and I taught in Sabbath School too, and began attending the preparation classes conducted by Mr. Morton and Mr. Nichol. How I did devour every word they taught us! I just drank it in!

M.T.P. Did you ever go to Sialkot Convention in those days?

M.R.S. I was just coming to that. The first convention was held in 1903. I went to that and to every one after that till John was born. What wonderful times those were!

M.T.P. You must have known "praying Hyde" then?

M.R.S. Yes, he was a great blessing to me, and so were Lr. Labhu Mall, Dr. Brown, McCheyne Paterson, and all the other speakers. But it was a message of Dr. W. B. Anderson that really meant most to me. He was preaching about the Holy Spirit, and he said, "The baptism of the Spirit is really just receiving Him by faith. If you ask Him to come in, He comes, and then you must believe He has come, and live in that."

M.T.P. That certainly was a simple way to put it.

M.R.S. And then he went on to say, "If you have done that, Satan will surely come to tell you you have done nothing; you don't feel any different. So tonight, go home and write down in your Bibles that on this very day you received the baptism of the Spirit. Then when Satan comes, just show him that."

M.T.P. Do you still have that Bible?

M.R.S. No, it was stolen, but by that time the experience had become so much a reality I didn't need any written assurance. It had become a rock to cling to through all the changes and perplexities life brought.

M.T.P. Some of our girls say they have given their lives to the Lord and they

will never marry. Did you find your marriage a hindrance to your Christian life?

M.R.S. No indeed; Mr. Samuel was a fine Christian man, and our life together was a great help to me spiritually.

M.T.P. You lost several babies, didn't you?

M.R.S. Yes, sorrows came, but God made every sorrow a means of blessing and growth for us, especially in the case of one of our babies.

M.T.P. How was that?

M.R.S. We had a young adopted daughter living with us who was so naughty that one day I said to her, "Mary, I have told God I am even willing for Him to take my precious baby if only He will save you." And He did just that. My baby was just five months old when God took him, but He saved Mary.

M.T.P. That was more generous than most of us would have been.

M.R.S. When the Lord does it, it is always for good. I can't tell you the precious things He taught me, even when He took Mr. Samuel and John.

M.T.P. They were both so young, it must have been hard not to feel bitter.

M.R.S. It was hard, Miss Sahiba, but there was no bitterness.

M.T.P. And then after Mr. Samuel's death, what did you do?

M.R.S. It was then that I felt the Lord calling me to take up evangelistic work.

M.T.P. I have always thought going around from house to house trying to find someone willing to listen, very discouraging work. Did you find it that way too?

M.R.S. Yes, at first it was difficult. The Women would say, "Come to our homes and give us nice messages. Tell us how to make better homes, and how to bring up our children, but don't tell us that Jesus is the Son of God."

M.T.P. So what did you do about that?

M.R.S. I had never really thought it through myself. I couldn't have explained to anyone how He is the Son, but I did know that if I left that out, I had no message to give. So I took a week-end to pray and seek an answer from the Lord. Of course I had to go on with my house work, but every stroke of the broom, every meal I prepared, was a prayer. "Lord, show me how He is the Son."

M.T.P. And did you get the answer?

M.R.S. Monday morning came and I still had no answer. I was weary with striving, and very discouraged. I told the Lord that unless I had an answer to give, I would have to give up this work.

M.T.P. That must have been agony for you.

M.R.S. But then I just seemed to hear a voice saying, "Go and read again the account of His birth." And so I opened my Bible to the first chapter of Matthew, and when I came to the 21st verse: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins," then I knew I had the answer. How plain it all was then!

M.T.P. Just how did that verse change your message?

M.R.S. I went back to those very women and said to them, "You know God can perform miracles. Just having sons is nothing for Him, but if someone can really cleanse the sin right out of my life, He must be the son of God."

M.T.P. Did they accept that?

M.R.S. They said, "You have told the truth, and this is the life you live. We know what you say must be true, for nowhere else do we see a life like yours."

M.T.P. Some day when you retire, I hope you will write a book about all your experiences in zenana work. It must have been hard to give it up for the work in the Bible Training Center. How did you come to the place where you were willing to do that?

M.R.S. It was very hard, for that work had been my food and drink, but I guess it was your vision and your prayers that convinced me. I had always felt the lack of such training myself, and had wished there might be some provision for training other women.

M.T.P. And now, after these ten years, do you feel your decision has been vindicated?

M.R.S. The Lord had much to teach me through these experiences too; for one thing, I had to get down to work and really study my Bible in order to teach it to our girls.

M.T.P. Has working with Christians been as satisfying as with non-Christians?

M.R.S. In some ways, no. In other ways it has been more challenging. You know some of the hard situations I had to meet after John's death. I had to prove that, in those very circumstances, I could live up to the messages I had been giving.

M.T.P. Yes, I think you gave a pretty convincing witness to that message. And have you felt that the results in training our girls have justified giving up your zenana work?

M.R.S. There have been many disappoint-

(*Continued on Page* 571)

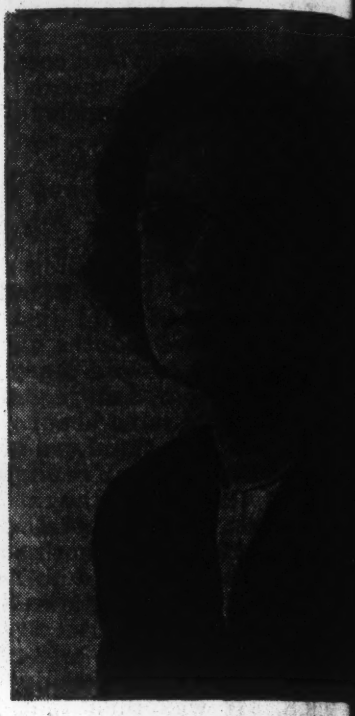
Mrs. Mary Samuel and Miss Marian T. Peterson with students of United Bible Training Center

The Challenge Of The New

By Three Young Missionaries to Pakistan

Miss Edith M. Drake

Miss Dorothy M. Fisher



Miss Elizabeth H. Tu

Music Becomes A Language

By MISS EDITH M. DRAKE, Gujranwala, Pakistan

Any missionary who has studied Voice Culture is immediately impressed by the relationship between the development of the singing voice and the study of a new language. Since most of my time during the past year has been devoted to the study of Urdu, I have been made especially aware of certain basic principles which they have in common.

To develop the technic of listening is one of the first essentials. This training began in the very first hour I spent with an Indian munshi. As I am writing these lines, I can almost hear this remark coming from some of the brethren, "That must be hard for 'Miss Sahibas' to do." You would be surprised at the progress we make.

Breath control is another part of the fundamental training. In this respect I have been made to realize the truth set forth in this statement, "Speaking English is a bad habit, so far as Urdu is concerned." In this language, one word with breath in it may convey one meaning, and the same sound without breath in it, an entirely different meaning.

Just as the most important consideration in singing is the story in the song, so throughout all of our language work, the "old, old story" is the theme of our new song.

A faulty presentation of an artist's work misrepresents the composer! Therefore we are continually on the alert so as not to adulterate the sacred harmony of our new song by presenting it in a falsetto register.

To be assured of good public performance, we keep "tuned in" daily with the *Artist of Artists*, and read and practice from the *Book of Books* which holds first place on our music lover's bookshelf.

Room For All—Come!

By MISS ELIZABETH H. TURNER, R.N.,
Sialkot City, Pakistan

Did you ever put in more than twelve or fifteen hours of hard work and wish there were a few more in which to finish the tasks? In fact do you like hard work? I did and find I am getting plenty of it and wishing there were more of us to help see that what is taught in class is carried over to the ward work. Daily duties include covering three overflowing wards, helping in the operating room, making rounds with the doctors and teaching classes; seeing that the tailor has work and is supplied with the necessary cloth and directions for keeping hospital linens in order, making uniforms for nurses and childrens' clothes for the orphans; also supplying doctors and nurses with needed drugs; and the never-ending laundry checking.

Our current nurses having had only an 8th grade education have many personal problems. We need to provide some outside outlet for restless energy. At present they come each Sabbath evening to the doctor's house one week and ours the next, for singing hymns and Psalms. They have a badminton court and we hope to start basketball and volleyball this year also.

How great the challenge and how few the laborers! "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." For us who love our Lord, what greater challenge is there? There is room for all. COME!

My Opportunity

By MISS DOROTHY M. FISHER,
Rawalpindi, Pakistan

A warm welcome greeted me in Gujranwala. I started the work the Lord called me to do with the language. I have never had a free moment nor a dull one since then; even, with the heart-breaks, yes, heart-breaks and disappointments. However, the One Whom I came to serve has always been faithful and my refuge and strength.

Upon asking what He would have me to do the Lord gave me His Will in the verse "forsake not the work of thy hands." I am working for Dr. R. R. Stewart and Dr. D. E. Alter as their secretary as well as working in the office, at Gordon College, Rawalpindi, Pakistan, where we have co-education. Here is a grand opportunity to meet the people at work as well as later getting into their homes, tasting their delicacies which they love to prepare. Thus comes an opportunity to speak of the Lord to them.

The call of the jackals, chickens, dogs, all talking back and forth when one is trying to sleep adds to the fleeting moments of the night. The grating of the grease-forsaken, ox-cart wheels, also adds to the melodious strains night and day.

Three Lovely Christian Girls, Sharreen, Zarreen and Sarwar, Daughters of Padre Shadi Khan

Worship Service

THEME: LEARNING TO SERVE HIM—OUR TALENTS FOR CHRIST

By MISS ANNA A. MILLIGAN, Sterling, Kansas

"Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love."

SUGGESTIONS TO LEADERS

Praise—B.S.H. 97, 181, 3, 219.

Prayer—by the Leader

Scripture—Psalm 24:3, 4 and 90: 17.

Meditation—What a piece of work is man! What a Creator is our God! He made man and He made man's hand—that member of the body which because of its highly specialized muscles distinguishes him from all other creatures. It belongs to man alone. No other animal is capable of the distinctive movements of the thumb with the other fingers, either alone or united.

It is capable of controlling the huge machines used to remove mountains—or guiding with artistic skill the delicate knife of the surgeon, which means life or death to the patient. It is capable of digging the stone from the quarry of the everlasting hills—or carving from that stone an Apollo Belvedere. It is capable of touching the keys or strings of musical instruments that may stir multitudes to ecstasy—or soothe the fevered brow of pain and tortured limbs of suffering.

A doctor's or a nurse's hand dedicated to service for our Lord, moved by His love for the lost children in the eight mission stations of our two fields in India where medical work has been attempted, could reap a rich harvest of souls in gratitude to the Great Physician. Doors swing wide open to a doctor or a nurse and even drop off their hinges.

"India! Thy haunting songs, from myriad lips, no sorrow can restrain.
Are they so beautiful because they emanate from pain?"
—*Fun and Festival in India*

Would that many young men and women in our Church this year will say:

"I dedicate myself to Thee
O Lord, my God! This work I undertake
Alone in Thy great name, and for Thy sake.
In ministering to suffering I would learn
The sympathy that in Thy heart did burn.
Guide Thou my hands that e'en their touch may prove
The gentleness and aptness born of love."
—*Selected*

Prayer Cycle—16, 17, 18 days.
Ask the members of the society to name

(1) The stations where hospitals or dispensaries are located in our two fields of India.

(2) The names of doctors and nurses in them.

(3) The names of evangelistic, educational and industrial missionaries in India who are personally known to any member.

Definite prayer for these by several members.

"India! Land of dreams and of romance; of fabulous wealth and of fabulous poverty; of a hundred nations and of a hundred tongues; of a thousand religions and of three million gods."—*Mark Twain.*

That India is in desperate need of Christ. But "Christ has no hands but our hands to do His work today"—in all forms of service, by all who are moved by the impulse of His love.

Prayer (All standing and praying together) Heb. 13; 20, 21.

Prayer Group Department

MRS. J. C. SPIELMAN, Prayer Group Secretary, 110 Newburn Drive, Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER

PRAY for the United Presbyterian and Reformed Church in America as they vote this month on the question of union. May the outcome be in accordance with the will of God.

PRAY for the American Negroes.

Pray that Christian youth among the Negroes may feel the Call to enter the ministry, thus preventing a distressing shortage in this field.

PRAY for Foreign Missions.

Pray for our new missionaries who have recently arrived at our mission stations. Pray that many more may dedicate themselves to this life of service and that we may not fail them in lack of funds to support them and the work.

Pray for Justin and Joyce and that many like "Mercy" may be given great strength to live lives that reflect their Master. (See Pages 528 and 517.)

Pray for our three mission stations, Pathankot, Dhariwal and Gurdaspur, isolated from the rest of the mission in Pakistan.

PRAY for the American Indian.

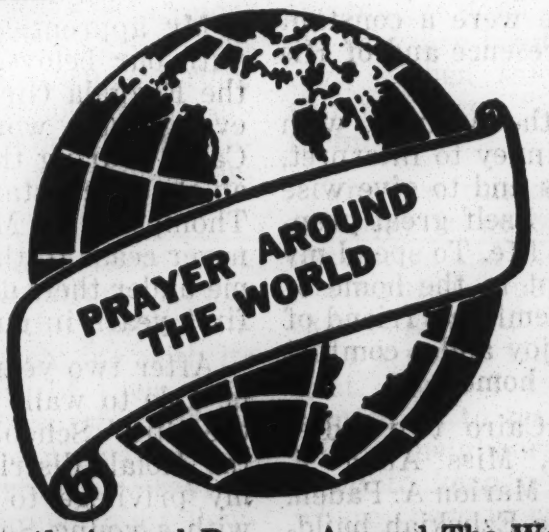
Pray that Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mitchell may be used mightily by God in the Christian service they will soon undertake among their own people in the Mesquakie U.P. Church of Tama, Iowa.

CALL TO PRAYER

The women of the United Presbyterian Church are urged to join in the observance of the hour of prayer which occurs on June 7, at the W. G. M. S. Convention. This takes place at 10:00 A.M. Central Time, but the schedule below will assist you in reconciling the hour for other locations. This hour may be observed alone, or with other members of your Society or Presbyterial.

Overseas

Pakistan and India	8:00 P.M.
Egypt	5:00 P.M.
North and South Sudan	5:00 P.M.
Ethiopia	5:00 P.M.



In the United States

11:00 A.M.—Eastern
(12:00 Noon—Daylight Saving)

10:00 A.M.—Central
(11:00 A.M.—Daylight Saving)

9:00 A.M.—Mountain
(10:00 A.M.—Daylight Saving)

8:00 A.M.—Pacific
(9:00 A.M.—Daylight Saving)

Sixteenth Annual Prayer Around The World

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear. (Isaiah 65:24)

Treasured Thoughts

By MRS. MARY K. COVENTRY, Emporia, Kansas

BROUGHT up in a home where missionaries, mission work, and the work of the Church at home and abroad were remembered at the family altar, God's call to life service was no new thing. But it was never settled (though I had thought it settled several times) until, while a student, I was teaching a Sabbath School class of lively boys. It was then that I realized the necessity of practicing what one taught. And when the Women's Board wrote in *The United Presbyterian* of the need for a young woman to go to The Sudan to be associated with Miss Hannah C. McLean I was ready to answer the call. Delays followed, because of health conditions—and another was appointed. A little later, it was possible to overcome physical conditions and in August, 1908, I bade farewell to family and friends and went out—truly not knowing much of what it meant. But God's promises never failed and though homesickness sometimes assailed and disappointments were met, yet He never failed.

My journey from the Middle West to the New Wilmington Conference and the Conference were a constant reminder of His Presence and of His leadership.

The trip across the Atlantic, with Miss Minnehaha Finney to interpret, to answer questions and to give wise suggestions, was in itself great preparation for the new life. To spend my first night in Egypt in the home of Dr. J. H. Boyd, a Seminary friend of my brother, was a joy and a comfort to one so far from home.

On arriving in Cairo two ladies were awaiting me, Miss Anna Y. Thompson and Miss Marion A. Paden. They took me to the Ezbekiah building where they had their home with Dr. and Mrs. Harvey. Their home was my home until my marriage six years later. Those first few months brought experiences that have gone with me through the years. Only two months after my arrival in that home God saw fit to take to Himself our beloved Dr. Harvey. It was during this time of anxiety and sorrow that I came to know intimately not only the members of the "Harvey household," but many of the pastors and many members in the Evangelical Church.

Mrs. Mary K. Coventry

My apprenticeship was two years with our beloved Miss Thompson in the Faggala Girls' School and in the evangelistic work in that part of Cairo. During those two years I was an almost constant companion of Miss Thompson or Mrs. Harvey. I shall never cease to thank God for putting me under their direction during those first years in our beloved Egypt.

After two years I was supposed to be able to walk and was assigned to the Girls' School and Bible work in the Kolali district of Cairo. It was my privilege to be associated there with a young Seminary student who came to supply the newly organized congregation. And together in happy fellowship we worked for four years.

The friendship and the bond of Christian love reached down through the years until he went Home in 1945.

The period from 1914 to 1918 was a very happy one—it was in September, 1914 that I went under the Foreign Board—but on the Home-going of my husband in April, 1918, I returned to the work of the Women's Board. Those few years of service with my husband were rich and full, most of our time being spent in the villages of Tanta District, going from village to village, living in the Delta Car while out in the villages. Many friendships that were formed during those years continue until now and are still bringing richness into my life.

From 1918 my remaining years fall naturally into two divisions—the years in Cairo and the years in Benha. I returned to Cairo where my time was filled with the supervision of various Girls' Schools, the supervision of Bible Women, and the home for the newly-appointed women missionaries. As I look back over the years and recall the good hand of our God that sustained when discouragements came, that led when problems seemed overwhelming—I can but praise Him for having given me a part in this wonderful area of His vineyard. In fellowship with pastors and evangelists as we worked together in unorganized work, churches grew and were organized and became strong enough to take over schools and supervise the education of the church children (and others) in the various districts.

When I went to Cairo there were two organized congregations. It was my great joy to see the number increase to fourteen, each one with its own pastor and most of them with their own places of worship. There are more now. Who can measure the joy of such fellowship — praying, tears and rejoicing mixed in a fellowship of service together? But much as this fellowship meant, the work with the Bible Women in that great and needy city was even greater. I sat at the feet of more than one of them and learned much from them. Their *selfless* lives were an inspiration, their eagerness to leave a message "so that if they never hear again they will have had enough to be saved," as one worker said. This made me look to my own message. As I recall one—she sat and told in simple language the Way of Life, then as we were about to leave she was asked to tell it over "lest I forget part of it." Three times did she tell it that it might enter the heart as well as the mind; as we left the house, the worker, with tears in her eyes, said to me—"Pray that the Word bring forth life in her." Many precious memories crowd in as I try to recall the experiences of thirty-nine years. One stands out very vividly. One of my teachers was stricken with the flu which developed into tuberculosis. I went to see her one day. She said: "Oh Mrs. Coventry, I'm afraid." We talked and I gave her just a short phrase from the Gospel of John and told her whenever she felt afraid to repeat those words. The next morning they sent for me saying my friend was gone. I went at once. The mother said: "Come, see her face." It was almost like a mirror reflecting the sun. The mother said: "She called me and said: "Mother, do you hear the music; don't you see the angels? Oh they are beautiful, they are coming." Then said the mother with shining face, "She went to meet them."

The last thirteen years it was my privilege to go out into the villages once more and there with a small but consecrated group to take the message of love and light and life to more than a dozen villages of Benha District. Could I tell you of her who wanted us to teach her so she could tell her neighbors, or of those struggling to keep a little service going where there were only a few known as followers of the Way, or of the little girls going to a Boys' School

(*Continued on Page* 566)

Seed Time And Harvest

By REV. J. LOWRIE ANDERSON, Atar, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

"The Harvest Truly Is Plenteous—The Fields Are White."

LUAL AYE

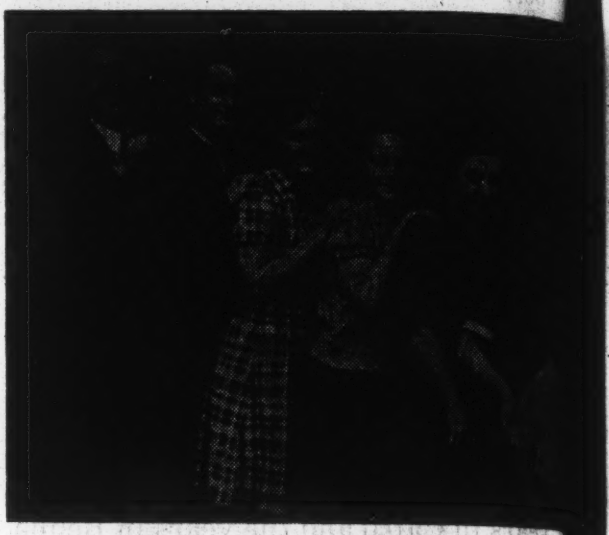
I Had no use for Lual Aye, and told Dr. Trudinger so. "He let me down, and he let me down badly. I sent him to a village to teach and preach. It was far away and I could not visit him often. I found that he had done nothing, and that he was too fond of the beer of that place. If you want to try him again, that is your privilege. As for me, I don't trust him."

"I knew him several years ago," answered Dr. Trudinger "and he was a good Christian then. In the old days at Melut he was one of our most effective evangelists. I'd like to try adult education, teaching people to read and write by the Laubach method. Not many people in this Abwong district can do that. I'd like to try Lual again—if you don't object too strongly."

In his own village and among his own people Lual started to teach adults to read their own language. He used a new primer, worked out by Dr. Trudinger—full of pictures and simple, interesting stories. With the stories they read he began to tell them of the greatest story in the world—the story of God's love in Christ. That story with its climax on the Cross spoke to his own heart, and the first convert of Lual was Lual. Instead of beer another enthusiasm filled his life. He wanted to tell everyone in his whole district about Jesus, who died for men, and who was able to free men everywhere from the curse of evil spirits.

"That man Lual" the chief complained to Dr. Trudinger, "Nowadays he can talk of nothing else but Jesus!

This article may be used in the May Program under the topic "When He Calls Me, I Will Answer."



Rev. and Mrs. J. Lowrie Anderson and Family

He wants all of us to leave our old customs and become Christians. I want my people to read—but I'm not so sure about leaving off their idol worship."

A man in his village believed the message. "Tomorrow I shall burn all that belongs to our religion — the bones, the grass, the twisted wood, the rope that the witch doctor has left to keep away evil spirits. Jesus is my Saviour, and I want all to know that I believe in Him and Him alone."

"Oh, don't do that" protested his wife. "Don't—for my sake and the sake of our one child. Already we have lost three. If you defy the spirits they will take him, too." Far into the night she sobbed in fear and sorrow. But her husband only answered that he must, that he was not afraid because Christ would protect them.

A large crowd the next day watched Lual and this man carry the magic charms into the center of the village, and after prayer, set fire to them. They watched, admiration mingled with fear. Their fear was as nothing to that of the wife who looked with heavy heart, at the babe she felt

would soon be taken by the spirits in revenge.

But the next morning her face was radiant, as she told the story on Sabbath: "That night I went to sleep in deep sorrow. As I slept I saw all around me fierce dogs barking at me and advancing to bite me and tear me to bits. Suddenly I saw a stranger dressed in white who walked to my side, put out his hands and the dogs one by one skulked away. I knew that Jesus came to me in my dream, and I'm not afraid. I'm joining my husband in being a Christian."

Two years ago in that little Dinka village of Lony there was no witness to Christ. Today every evening thirty people gather to pray to God through Christ, and to pour out their hearts in thankful song (several composed by one of their number who is a bard) for the salvation that He has given to them as sons and daughters of God.

Wieu

Wieu came to me about something else—I forget what it was now. But before he left I told him, "Wieu, I have heard that when you speak in your language, you have the gift of making people listen. Have you ever thought of being a preacher?"

"No sir, I have not. I want to go into government work."

"Next month you are going to be baptized, the first baptism that has ever taken place at Abwong. I want you to think what it will mean to your people to have one of their own a preacher. And pray to God about it. If He wants you, He will tell you."

In baptism Wieu took the name Andrew. Like the first Andrew he found joy in telling others about Christ. For three months of his vacation he worked in his own village and nearby spots teaching and preaching and witnessing to others. When he came back to school he looked me up.

"Do you remember once that you asked me if I w a n t e d to be a preacher?"

"Certainly."

"I want to now. I want to be the first person in my tribe to be set aside for full-time Christian work."

We talked of the difficulties that lay ahead for him, and the privileges in that life. Then together we knelt down, the tall slim black youth and the middle-aged balding missionary, each thanking God for the privilege of working in His vineyard, each dedicating his life anew to Him who gave Himself for us.

A few w e e k s ago I saw Wieu (Andrew), after he had been working as an evangelist in a village where 80 people have confessed Christ as their Saviour within the past year.

"How do you like the work?"

"It is hard. Some people listen and some do not. But I like it. I want to finish my course and be a true minister to these people."

John Garang

At Atar School Saturday night is Y.P.C.U. night. They meet on our big front verandah and discuss in a foreign language (English) the problems which they as young African Christians meet. As I remember it the subject was "What it means to be a Christian." Near the end of the meeting John Garang, one from our top class arose.

"My heart tells me that I am not a good Christian. Near our school there are many Dinkas who have not heard of Jesus. I have excused myself. I have said I am too busy in school. That is not true. Tomorrow I am going out to tell the people in the Dinka villages about Jesus."

True to his word, John appeared at our house the next morning at 7:30 a.m., with two of his friends, Andrew Wieu and Samson Ngor. They wanted the chance to go across the river. All that day they were gone, walking along muddy paths, for it was the rainy season, without breakfast and came back after supper. "We found that some people laughed at us, and others told us to come again. We're going next week."

Every Sabbath, and sometimes on weekdays these boys went to preach. Some days they had a good reception, some days bad. Twice I went with them (fortified with breakfast and a few bananas along for lunch, however) and waded with them through swamps that came to the armpits to reach some of the villages. John loved introducing me to various people.

"Here is the old man I told you about who said, 'All my life have I served Satan, and he has deceived me. Now I shall serve Christ.' " The man confirmed the story and told of the joy and release that Christ's message had brought to him. At least four people have openly confessed Christ as Saviour and have refused to sacrifice and pray to their spirits and idols. Their neighbors are watching them closely. If Christianity really works, many say they will leave the old to follow Him.

One day I said to John, "I think you ought to be a minister. You so enjoy witnessing."

He looked me in the eye, "I have thought about it, and talked to God about it. My heart tells me that I should not be a minister. I shall serve my people through agriculture. But wherever I go, be sure that I shall be a preacher. I love to talk about Jesus."

Chief Dau

Tal Wilson claims that Chief Dau looks like a retired prize-fighter. He has the pugnacious face, and most of his front teeth are missing. It is his wooden leg that makes me think of the famous pirate, Long John Silver. No one would call him handsome. Still I rejoiced to see his face on my recent visit to Abwong.

After we had talked of several things, and after he had washed down the sweetened tea that Dr. Trudinger provided, I said to him, "Beng (Chief) Dau, you have been the friend of this mission since we came four years ago. You helped us by building our first village school, and rounding up the students. And now you yourself are learning to read."

He beamed, for he is very proud that he can read the Dinka primer. There is reason to believe that he has memorized the words on each page rather than learning to read them—but if you don't check too closely it looks the same.

I continued, "Last year when I came here we baptized two of your people. This afternoon we are baptizing seven more. As you know, in several villages near here the whole population has burned the idols and are believers in Jesus. This has happened within a few years, Beng Dau, you have always been a leader of your people. I wish that you were leading them into the Jesus way."

For a while he did not answer. He knew that more than intellectual assent was at stake. He was a chief, and the pressure to stay in the old heathen ways was strong. Besides, he had two wives. Becoming a Christian meant renouncing polygamy.

At last he spoke. "Gitjok"—he always used my bull name for in Dinkaland I am a black and white bull. "Gitjok. I know what you say is true. I hope that when you come next year, you can baptize me."

* * *

Through four simple incidents I have tried to give an insight into the way the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of people in the Southern Sudan. We are living in great days—days full of uncertainty and yet thrilling days—as we see fields ripe to harvest. As missionaries and as members of the infant South Sudan church we are very weak. But God is preparing the church for the great harvest that seems just ahead. Pray that we be given wisdom and strength to fulfil the will of God in our day—a great and terrible day of the Lord.

Missions Around The World

By MRS. JOHN H. GERSTNER, JR., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JAPAN

DID you ever stop to think your eyes slant oddly? The Japanese think so. It is quite an experience to be in a land where one is an oddity.

It is all in the viewpoint. Although our customs differ radically, yet basically we find we are much the same. Especially in our love for children we meet the Japanese on common ground. Japan is full of children. Not serviced by baby sitters the Japanese mother just takes her baby with her wherever she goes. She simply ties him on her back.

One baby came loose while his mother waited for the elevated. We enjoyed watching the procedure of rehitching Junior which took place on the platform. The bands were crisscrossed across the baby's back and over the mother's neck. The kimono was then drawn up tightly over the baby. Only his little brown face with his jet-black hair and serious slanting eyes stared out at us.

Frequently in Tokyo at Buddhist temples and little wayside shrines we saw stone images with plastic baby bibs around their necks, placed there by mothers praying for their children.

Through the courtesy of the Hannafords (missionaries who teach at the Meiji Gakuin, a large school for boys in Tokyo, with 4000 students) we met one of their graduate students who was our guide for one day. Hisao Tsuru is a third-generation Christian. His father is president of the Yamate Jogakuin (Reformed Church in America Girls' School in Yokohama.) He is twenty-five years of age. He has a sweetheart, the prettiest girl in Japan, he thinks, whose name means *High Bridge Just Right.* He speaks good English. We learned much about Japan from our young friend, but we were sad when Hisao Tsuru told us that he felt Japan is an irreligious country. The "temple attendance" problem is acute. Although nominally most of the people are Buddhists, 95% of them seldom go to the temple to pray. Many attend only at the time of their own funeral. He considered that the Christians have much opportunity in Japan. He also seemed deeply concerned that Christians in Japan live their faith as never before and above all, that they be aflame to evangelize others.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Gerstner, Jr.

Are we so much different, after all?

SHANGHAI, CHINA

Not having confirmed reservations in Shanghai we were prepared to spend the night in the airlines depot. But we had overlooked the splendid service Northwest Airlines accords to its patrons.

When we arrived we were met by the traffic manager of Shanghai who placed us in what looked to me like the bridal suite of the hotel in the city. In addition he translated our travellers checks into yuan. The cur-

Editor's Note: Mrs. Gerstner is a "special reporter" for the Magazine while enroute with her husband on a world tour.

rency problem today in Shanghai is staggering. Hotels will quote rates only three days in advance, because the value of the yuan varies as much as a thousand a day.

We ate dinner in the skyroom of the hotel. We had gestured our desire to eat to the room boy, and instead of sending us to the less expensive dining-room he had sent us to the best. The city of Shanghai looked beautiful at night from its glass walls, and we enjoyed our expensive mistake.

The city teems with life. There are only a few rickshas but hundreds of "pedi cabs," which look like rickshas, pulled by bicycle riders. Life for the pedestrian is certainly if you make it. Shanghai is indeed the land of the quick and the dead! We walked through the narrow, crowded streets, avoiding the mud and sputum as best we could. We were deafened by the noise of the blaring horns of the taxis and the shouts and no doubt oaths of the pedi-cab drivers. Then suddenly, uncannily, at eleven o'clock everything was still. For the last two months Shanghai has had a strictly-enforced curfew. Everyone must be off the streets at eleven. Recently the nationalist army broke up a strike by taking out one of the strikers and shooting him on the spot. Needless to say, no one violates curfew.

Only a few miles away from Shanghai are the Communists. Most white women have left the city. Yet danger seems unreal and far away from the bustling metropolis. Only when we visited the famous Lunghwa Pagoda and saw the nationalist army billeted there, sleeping under the grotesque images, were we reminded of the approaching Communist Forces.

We were disappointed not to see more of mission work in Shanghai. But our guide, who was a Buddhist was not too well informed on their locations. Trying to locate people by phone is hopeless for the average occidental tourist.

Besides, most of our missionary friends had already been evacuated. They had told us much of interest, however, about the Chinese people. One remark kept recurring to me, "The Chinese," she had said, "are a dignified race. Even the coolie has a pride in himself, and will not be pushed around." The Chinese people have never been conquered and one can see why.

One beggar who followed us all through Old Shanghai up to the Bridge-With-E i g h t-Turns, hobbled most pitifully behind us plucking at our sleeves and crying for alms. John pulled out his movie camera to take a picture of him, and the transformation was amazing. He straightened up like a soldier, threw back his shoulders, pulled down his ragged coat, and smiled with charm at the camera. This was no longer a pitiful beggar but a self-respecting dignified citizen of Old Shanghai.

HONGKONG

The British are proud of Hongkong and justly so. But we almost did not see this o c c i d e n t a l city of the Orient. Our plane on the Philippine Airline came in at a very low ceiling. None of the Pan-American planes were permitted to land. In addition the landing was "misty."

The Hongkong Airbase is a saucer surrounded by a cup of mountains, and is considered the hardest landing zone any pilot meets. Just yesterday a plane of the Cathay Lines crashed into one of the hills killing all on board. A British acquaintance we had met at the airport in Manila before taking off, and a former pilot, kept talking to me across the aisle about the dangers we were incurring. Our wing tip at times seemed to literally brush the mountains. But the biggest jolt of all I received at the "tiffin" table when I learned that our pilot did not make an instrument landing at all for there is no such ground control here. He was dependent entirely on his vision and his memory of the terrain.

(*Continued on Page* 561)

President's Message

Dear Friends:

The messages given to you on this President's page of our Missionary Magazine these past months by your Convention officers have been timely and to the point. They have been a great blessing to me personally and I know that they have been to you, too.

In one short month we shall be meeting at Sterling College for our sixty-fifth annual Convention. I trust that every missionary woman has this Convention on her prayer list. Without God's blessing and the outpouring of His Holy Spirit our efforts will be in vain.

It will be wonderful to be able to meet many of you folks at Sterling. I am looking forward to a great time of Christian fellowship together.

My earnest prayer is that as we meet together we shall each one be so filled with the Holy Spirit that our lives can never be the same again. As we leave the Convention may it be the desire of each one to be more careful of our walk, more fervent in our prayer life and more constant in our witnessing.

Let us keep in our hearts God's word—"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 3:13, 14.

Mrs. John W. Steele

PRAYER

"Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshaled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the rapid sun in its great race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and changed the raging passions of man and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven. What has not prayer done!"

(*Read by Miss Lillian Baker at a Tuesday Morning Prayer Service*)

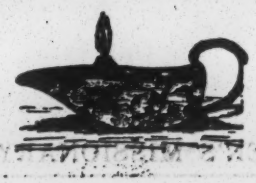
ENTERTAINMENT AT THE WGMS CONVENTION

June 2-7, 1949 — Sterling, Kansas

The charge for room and meals for the full time, Thursday evening dinner through Tuesday lunch, will be $15.00. The prices for meals are as follows: breakfast 50¢, luncheon 75¢, dinner $1.00.

For meals for only one day send reservation 24 hours in advance.

Send all reservations to Mrs. John Dill, Sterling, Kansas as soon as possible. This will enable the women of Arkansas Valley Presbyterial to give everyone a gracious welcome without last minute confusion.



DEAR INDIA!

Sitting within your clay-made house of dreams
Holding your tiny oil lamp high,*
By whose unsteady beams
Your crumbling walls reveal
Futility of life—
A wheel within a wheel.

Dear India!
Dost fear the sordid touch of human hands?
Shrink not, for in this human throng
'Tis God, who stands
Beside His children weak
Lifting us to himself
If Him alone we seek.

—Pearl Dorr Longley

(Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell. *The tiny oil lamp is symbolic of old India. The poem is symbolic of the struggle in changing India today.)

Eaglenest Col

India

Sadhu Sunder Singh, A Christian Evangelist of India's Yesterday

INDIA'S GLORIOUS FUTURE

Ah, Aryan land, blest is she!
A magic might is in her name;
Unrivalled stands her ancient fame;
And we, her sons, thrice blessed are w

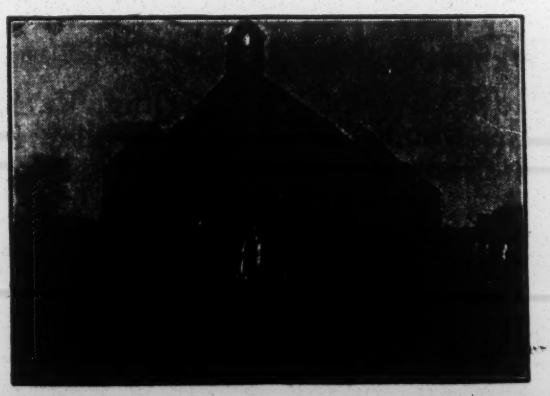
Yea, at the end of pregnant strife,
Enthroned as guru of the earth,
This land of Hind shall teach the worl
Of Christian faith and Christian life.

In sooth her name, in letters bright,
Before all other names, I trow.
Is writ, LORD JESUS, upon thy brow,
And her to serve is my delight.

—N. V. Tilak

"Sing through the
Sing with the mo
Sing when your
Sing in the sunsh
Sing when it's a
Nothing can touc

What though the
What though yo
What though the
What though life
Sing to the futur
Nothing can bre



Church in Pakistan

A MISSIONARY'S TRIBUTE

Oh India, land of unspeakable night,
Why do you grip me so?
Is it the wail of your little girl wife,
Or your women sobbing low?
You clutch at my heart with a vice-like grip,
And will not let me go.

In the stillness of your white moonlight,
Or the busy hum of the day,
When the scorching rays of the noon-day sun
Beat down on your dusty way,
I feel your tug till its crushing weight,
Presses me on to pray.

I would not leave thee, not if I might;
For your strange impelling claim
Draws me, and holds me, till my life
For thee and thy people is lain
Low at His feet, to spend and be spent,
Until thou shalt live again.

—Grace L. Walther

[redacted]

me in the Himalayas

Pakistan

INDIA

d of lights and shadows intervolved
d of blazing sun and blackest night,
tress armed, and guarded jealously,
every portal barred against the Light.

d in thrall to ancient mystic faiths,
d of iron creeds and gruesome deeds,
d of superstitions vast and grim,
ll the noisome growths that Darkness breeds.

-Time shall come, when, like a swelling tide
Word shall leap the barriers, and the Light
sweep the land; and Faith and Love and Hope
win for Christ this stronghold of the night.

—John Oxenham

[redacted]

Sheila, Pathankot High School's Radiant Promise of India's Tomorrow

ng in the light—
in the night;
louded with pain,
rough the rain;
or spring—
s you sing!

rk, when you travel,
w snarled and unravel?
limb will be steep,
ut sleep?
ay bring—
you sing!"

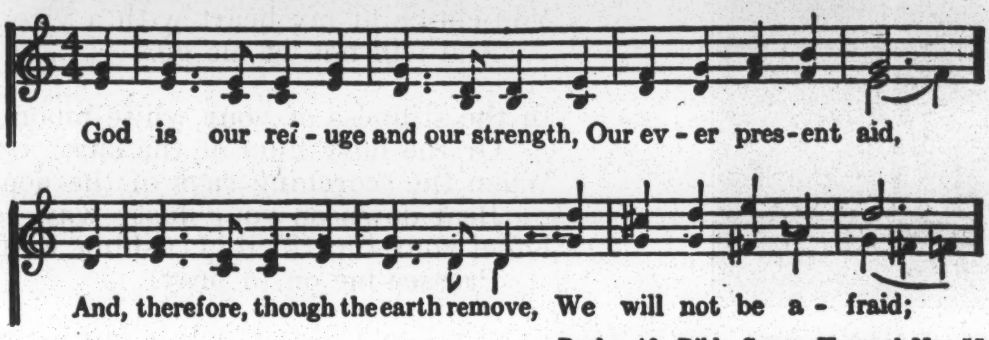
—Selected

[redacted]

India Village School

Editorials

MRS. E. D. McKUNE, Editor, Eastview Dr., R. F. D. 3, Allison Park, Pa.
MRS. RALPH H. ARNOLD, Treasurer, 525 Mifflin Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.



Psalm 46, Bible Songs Hymnal No. 55

The dynamic words of this comforting Psalm have special significance as we think of India and Pakistan. Who can read in this *Magazine* the messages from our missionaries and not feel that God has been the refuge, strength, present aid and comforter of the Christian missionaries and nationals during the experiences incident to the partition of the Punjab? The glorious thing about it is that Christ is sufficient for human needs.

Perhaps to all of us there come times of perplexity, discouragement, weariness, fear, uncertainty and a feeling of abject aloneness. Where can we flee for refuge and security? The Psalmist, without equivocation and without hesitation answers in one word—*God*. He speaks from his experience of miraculous deliverance from encompassing enemies.

The skeptic may say, "There is no God—no Christ—no Holy Spirit." But those who have found refuge in the unfailing Presence of the Trinity know the skeptic is mistaken. Abraham, Moses, Job and David knew; the Beloved Disciple and the Marys of the New Testament did not doubt. Faith enabled early Christians to endure Roman persecution and death. Faith kept the *Glory Song* alive in the hearts of Christian Negro slaves.

Luther made this Psalm the battle song of the Reformation in writing *Eine Feste Burg ist Unser Gott*. Before its majestic words even the pope trembled. It is said that when tyrannies threatened and the way looked dark Luther would say, "Come, let us sing the 46th Psalm."

Surely this brief Psalm of eleven verses has a message for today. Read it for the assurance it gives that neither the desolations of war and hatred, nor shaking mountains, nor roaring waters, nor calamities of any sort can shake the faith of those who put their trust in the all-powerful God. The hosts may be against us but if we are on His side we need not fear for He will be with us through life and through death.

Appropriating divine strength to supplement human strength should be the natural procedure for a Christian. In ourselves we can do nothing. Through Him all things are possible. "Not that we are sufficient to ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God." 2 Cor. 3:5.

"The great Christ found a small man and took him along,
And they traveled together every day.
And a man said, 'Who are these two big men?'
And someone said, 'The one on the left is Smith;
He's got religion. I do not know the one on the right,
But they look like brothers."

—*Selected*

MEDITATION ON CHURCH UNION

By MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Litt.D., Editor Emeritus

(Excerpts quoted from *The United Presbyterian*)

Missionary women of the United Presbyterian and Reformed Churches are of one mind, now. The women of the two denominations have been following the same missionary studies; they have been fellowshipping for years in interdenominational conferences; they are united in prayer. From the time of the institution of the World Day of Prayer both groups have been in prayer fellowship, and our societies in all our foreign fields have joined in this precious service. How sweet the incense that ascends to the throne on that day!

In a joint meeting of representative women of both churches in October, 1947, the subject of women's organizations was discussed at length and plans suggested when and if the union is effected. There was free and frank discussion and delightful fellowship. The United Presbyterian women admired the fine work of the sister church. They in turn were most generous in commending some of our distinctive programs. All agreed that in case of union there should be an annual Thank Offering, and that there should be a MISSIONARY MAGAZINE! As they separated there was a sincere deep feeling that the women have close ties and in a united church they would go forward with equal or even greater zeal.

The women of our church do not have a vote in church assemblies but the women have power nevertheless. If we ever prayed sincerely, this is a time to be on our knees. We would ask that all the women of both denominations (and the men too) join us at the time of our regular weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday morning, May 24, at 10 o'clock, that God's will may be done in this momentous time.

May the commissioners be guided as they cast their votes. Let all these men—and moderator, ministers and elders who have this grave responsibility—know that if they are led to vote for the union of the Reformed Church in America and the United Presbyterian Church of North America, the women of the church will all go along.

INFORMATION FROM THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE

IMPORTANT—REVISED METHOD OF HANDLING CHANGES OF ADDRESS FOR SUBSCRIBERS OF SECOND-CLASS PUBLICATIONS:

The request comes that newspapers and magazines advise subscribers to please notify publishers of an anticipated change of address in advance so that mailing lists may be corrected promptly.

The responsibility henceforth will rest upon *YOU* to notify the *Women's Missionary Magazine* about your new address. Send change to Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, 525 Mifflin Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa. six weeks in advance, if possible, of the mailing time for the *first* issue you wish sent to your new address. Only thus can we guarantee that your name will be on the mailing list in time to receive the issue in your new home.

A FAITHFUL WORKER

Mrs. T. S. Evans, at present Thank-Offering Secretary of Kansas City Presbyterial, and an active member of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Church, Kansas City, Kansas, has what we believe is an unusual record in Presbyterial work and one worthy of mention because of the inspiration which it might bring to others.

Mrs. T. S. Evans

Since 1912 she has attended every meeting of Kansas City Presbyterial but one and has been an officer every year but one, and one year, due to the resignation of one officer, she held two offices. During these 37 years she has held every office in the Presbyterial except Treasurer and Junior Superintendent. She has not sought these offices but has willingly served where she could because of her intense interest in the work of the W.G.M.S. and her loyal devotion to her Lord and Master whom she serves so faithfully in her local church as well as the Presbyterial.

She was appointed by the Women's Board to serve on the Committee for the Missionary Advance Movement last fall and at the present time she is general chairman of the Committee of the Missionary Societies preparing to entertain the Kansas City Presbyterial in First Church, Kansas City, Kansas, April 7 and 8.

Printed by request of Kansas City Presbyterial

MAGAZINE SHOWER

The following message has been sent to each Presbyterial Literature Secretary. Please help her secure new subscriptions and renewals. Is there a June bride in your church who would appreciate a subscription gift? Or a shut-in who might enjoy reading it while people with good health are spending the long summer days in the out-of-doors?

Dear Presbyterial Literature Secretary:

The Magazine Staff sends greetings to you, our indispensable co-workers. Please note another offer of a Club Rate through April, May and June—

5 OR MORE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AT $1.20 EACH PER YEAR
RENEWALS AT THE REGULAR $1.50 RATE

Please confer with your Presbyterial delegates who are planning to attend the Convention. Why not assist them to contact each Society about new subscriptions? Send them on their way to Sterling, literally loaded with mail bags full of the names of new subscribers. If each Society sends one club, think what it would mean to the Magazine!

Send subscriptions by your Presbyterial Delegate to the Convention Shower at Sterling, Kansas, June 2-7. Or send directly to

MRS. RALPH H. ARNOLD, 525 Mifflin Avenue, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

WELCOME TO STERLING!

Sterling, Kansas, April 1, 1949

Dear Friends who are planning to attend the 65th Annual Convention of the W.G.M.S. in Sterling, June 2 to 7,

The women of Arkansas Valley Presbyterial have been looking forward to the privilege of having you as our honored guests. As time has a way of flying by, before we realize it June 2nd will be here, so we want to send a word of welcome to each one of you.

As you know, Kansas, "The Sunflower State," occupies the geographical center of our United States. Too, Sterling lies almost in the center of the state, and the central point of interest in our little city is Sterling College. So, as you come from all parts of our country and from the far corners of the earth, you will find yourself right in the heart of things.

Perhaps some of you have never been to Kansas, where you will be greeted by vast fields—as far as the eye can see—of beautiful waving wheat. You will see many towering elevators ready to store the bounteous crop. You know you are coming to the "world's bread basket." According to Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia "almost every sack of high-grade flour produced in the U.S. contains some Kansas hard winter wheat." So, you have been unconsciously enjoying Kansas bounty all your life.

You will be in the cattle country here too. We may not be able to entertain you with cowboy songs, but we do plan to serve you some beef that is really "prime." And we have enough salt around here to build houses with it if we wanted to—literally! for the salt deposits are as much as 300 feet thick under us. Of course we don't plan to salt down the W.G.M.S., but you can count on adequate seasoning for your beef and potatoes. If the season is right, you will see the most luscious strawberries ever—home-made! So whet up your appetites.

We anticipate that you will marvel at the gorgeous sunsets and the clear star-lit nights, and that you will with new earnestness say with David: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

This may be the first W.G.M.S. Convention for many of you. I am sure one of your greatest privileges and thrills will be to get acquainted with many of our U.P. missionaries who will be here with you. We in Sterling are fortunate indeed to claim as "our own" Miss Minnehaha Finney, who spent over 40 years serving her Master in Egypt and now makes her home here. The Adairs, the Heastys, the W. H. Rosses, Mrs. Bert Lynes, Mrs. R. W. Walker, Mrs. William Pinkerton, Mrs. Mary Stevenson Guttridge, the Misses Hawthorne, Huffman, McCrory, Scott, and Weede call this home too. Miss Stella Robertson, now on furlough, is spending a few months here with Dr. Anna Milligan who was a Foreign Board Secretary for many years. We are really a missionary center.

We have "ordered" good weather so that you can enjoy yourselves to the fullest. But even though we cannot guarantee this order being filled, we can promise you the "sunshine of our smiles." To plan for your pleasure, comfort and inspiration is the central thought of the members of the local committee which is now busy making definite plans to that end. We hope that you will come expecting great things and that you will go your various ways after the days of feasting saying, "It was good for us to have been there."

We bid you welcome. (*Mrs. H. D.*) *Louise McCalmont*

Thank Offering

MRS. THOMAS H. NEWCOMB, Secretary
Publication Building
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Some of the Thank Offering Secretaries have asked for an explanation of the Memorial Fund of the Thank Offering and we are glad to comply with such request. Because some had asked for the privilege of giving a gift of one hundred dollars or more as a special gift to the Thank Offering and because the need was felt for a level of giving between the Life Directorship of three hundred dollars and the Life Membership of twenty five dollars it was decided by the Board in January of 1947 to establish a Memorial Fund for the Thank Offering. This is a gift of one hundred dollars or more given by an individual who designates the gift as a Memorial for a loved one. A Certificate is issued to the one making the gift, and is made out "In Memory" of the one for whom the gift is made. The money from these Memorial gifts is added to the regular Thank Offering Fund and is used in the support of the work already established and not for special work such as the Life Directorships and Life Memberships are used. There has been a fine response to the Memorial Fund which we feel justifies the establishing of it.

As Thank Offering Secretaries if there are other questions you would like cleared up let us have them and we will try to answer them.

Memorial Thank Offering ($100.00)

21. Helen A. Wilder. By members of Drexel Hill Women's Missionary Society. (Philadelphia Presbyterial).

Senior Life Members
$25.00 Each

1042. Mrs. Gertrude Marshall, Dayton, Pa. By members of the Women's Society.
1043. Mrs. James R. Weir, Freeport, Pa. By Miss Carrie McIntyre.
1044. Mrs. W. C. Fuller, Youngstown, O. By her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ross.
1045. Mrs. S. W. Kelso, Baxter, Pa. By her son, Ralph Kelso.
1046. Mrs. M. H. Kelso, Baxter, Pa. By her husband.
1047. Miss Millie I. Kelso, Benha, Egypt. By Mrs. J. N. Shields.
1048. Mrs. Gertrude M. Steffey, Leechburg, Pa. By friends.
1049. Miss Elizabeth M. Lowman, Riverside, Calif. By her sister, Mrs. John E. McGeary.
1050. Mrs. Alma Maxwell, New Kensington, Pa. By The Good Samaritan Class of Puckety Church.
1051. Mrs. Margaret E. Stewart, New Kensington, Pa. By members of the Puckety Missionary and Aid Society.
1052. Mrs. George M. Johnston, Apollo, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Russell Miller.
1053. Mrs. John B. Wilson, Vandergrift, Pa. By her children.
1054. Mrs. Eugene E. McLean, Vandergrift Pa. By her husband.
1055. Mrs. Dorothy Coleman, Vandergrift, Pa. By Lyle, Nancy and the boys.
1056. Miss Marjorie Hibbs, Wooster, Ohio. By members of the Isabella Yocum Society of Wooster.
1057. Mrs. Emerson Yocum, Wooster, Ohio. By members of the Isabella Yocum Society.
1058. Mrs. Robert Fleming, Toulon, Ill. By her father J. W. Turnbull.
1059. Mrs. William C. Wallace, Ligonier, Pa. By a friend.
1060. Mrs. Ralph S. Dunlap, McKeesport, Pa. By Miss Janet R. Pollock.
1061. Miss Sarah J. Watt, Greensburg, Pa. By her sister, Miss Lillian Watt.
1062. Mrs. George S. Ferguson, Sr., Greensburg, Pa. By a friend.
1063. Mrs. August A. Miller, Unity, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Heid.
1064. Mrs. Dorothy Kuhn, Unity, Pa. By a friend.
1065. Mrs. R. D. Cannon, McKeesport, Pa. By a friend.
1066. Miss Mary Conley, Henderson, N.C. By Mrs. R. F. Jackson.
1067. Miss Marian Frack, Unity, Pa.

1068. Mrs. Nettie Taylor, Unity, Pa. By a friend.
1069. Mrs. Margaret Moyer, Connellsville, Pa. By members of the Anna Duncan Mission Circle.
1070. J. Lester Lohr—In Memoriam. By Mrs. Ruth Kunkle and Mrs. D. Ferrari—aunts in Connellsville.
1071. Bernice Renai Chorpenning—In Memoriam. By her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Chorpenning.
1072. Mrs. S. T. Kilmer, Unity, Pa. By Mrs. William Clements.
1073. Mrs. Fred Caldarelli, North Bessemer, Pa. By her family.
1074. Mrs. James Lees, Braddock, Pa. By a friend.
1075. Mrs. Ella Weimer, Boston, Pa. By friends.
1076. Mrs. Sylvia B. Finney, Elizabeth, Pa. By her husband and children.
1077. Paul P. Fairman—In Memoriam. By Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Fairman, Mt. Perry, Ohio.
1078. Mrs. H. J. Ebbert, Mercer, Pa.
1079. Mrs. Elizabeth Reyer, Sharon, Pa. By Special Offering of Y.W.M.S. of Sharon.
1080. Mrs. J. A. McCalmont, Cleveland, Ohio. By Elizabeth McCalmont.
1081. Mrs. Thomas Patterson, Sharon, Pa. By a friend.
1082. Mrs. Charlotte Semple, Mercer, Pa. By her mother.
1083. Mrs. A. A. McDonald, New Wilmington, Pa.
1084. Miss Ora Owens, Portland, Oregon. By members of the Laurelhurst W.M.S.
1085. Mrs. Dorothy B. Spooner, Pawtucket, R.I. By members of the Edith Martin Missionary Society of Central Falls, R.I.
1086. Mrs. Agnes F. Hamilton, Somerville, Mass. By members of the W.M.S., Cambridge, Mass.
1087. Mrs. Mary W. Finlayson, Somerville, Mass. By members of the W.M.S., Cambridge, Mass.
1088. Miss Eileen McFate, Edinburg, Pa. By her mother, Mrs. J. C. McFate.
1089. Mrs. S. W. Boyle, Marissa, Ill. By Mrs. T. J. Lee, Mrs. T. B. McHatton and Mrs. F. R. Singer.
1090. Mrs. T. J. Lee, Marissa, Ill. By Mrs. T. B. McHatton, Mrs. F. R. Singer and Mrs. S. W. Boyle.

1949 Thank Offering
$25.00 Each

1. Mrs. Harry G. Foster, Sparta, Ill. By her grandson, John M. Foster.
2. Elizabeth Newcomb, Altamont, Kansas. By a friend.
3. Mrs. C. Ward Beecher, Leechburg, Pa. By Mrs. C. A. Beatty, Jr. and Miss Edna Gritzan.
4. Miss Blanche Shuster, Leechburg, Pa. By Mrs. Dale Garland and Mrs. Emerson Garland.
5. Mrs. Lionel Gunter, Ewing, Nebr.
6. Eleanor Schadle, Eagle Grove, Iowa. By her aunt and cousin, Mary Rasmussen and Teresa.
7. Mrs. Minnie Fields, Goldfield, Iowa. By Miss Alta French.
8. Miss Opal Leonard, Auburn Heights, Mich. By members of the Mary-Martha Society.

"LEARNER'S QUIZ"——INDIA AND PAKISTAN

1. What instrument is frequently the only one used in mission worship services in the Punjab?
2. Who compiled the Indian Psalter?
3. Name a triumphant Christian who remained true in spite of the loss of health and husband?
4. What three U.P. mission stations are in the India side of the partition between India and Pakistan?
5. What are minor-strain evidences of the economic crisis?
6. What are two outstanding problems in literacy work?
7. What specific items from Christian relief-organization gifts have helped most in recent months?
8. Two women of the Punjab who are living "in the secret of His Presence." Who are they and what impresses you about the life of each?
9. Three young American missionaries and three young girls of the Punjab who love music. Who are they?
10. Why is Dr. Mabel Rose Massey coming to America?

Young Women And Girls' Circles

MISS IDA B. LITTLE, Young Women's Secretary
1503 Dormont Ave., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

AIMS: A—A Circle or a Y.W. Society, or both in every congregation.
B—Societies to support the WGMS materially and spiritually.
C—Y.W. Special Fund fully supported.

One dollar per member for those 20 years and over.
Fifty cents per member for those under 20 years.
Special Objects—(Amount Asked, $9,000).
Permanent—Support of G.B.S., Pasrur, India.
Annual—Salaries of Missionaries.

Mrs. A. C. Peoples, Member of Faculty, Camden School, Camden, Ala.
Miss Ruth Findley, Special Worker in California Synod.
Miss Mary E. Cole, Bible Women's Worker, Khartoum, North, The Sudan.
Mrs. Anna Howard, Matron Frenchburg Dormitory.

PERHAPS

"Perhaps the help I gave today was small,
The strength I lent was much too weak to lend;
The good I did was scarcely none at all,
Yet I gave all I could to aid a friend.

Perhaps another could have given more,
Much more than I, yet scarcely feeling glad
To give, if giving from a greater store;
But I rejoice I gave of all I had!"

NEW SOCIETIES

Judging by the number of new societies usually gathered in a year, and noting the number already reported this year, many must be hiding away in some one's records! The best time to report a new organization is as soon as it is organized. If you know that you need a new organization, take care of it *early* in the *new* year. Why not give it a chance to "get its hand in" with all the other societies of the presbyterial? If you cannot be thus forehanded, complete your groups in the best possible time.

Tennessee Presbyterial—(1) Canton Bend Mission Girls' Circle—12 members. Pres., Mildred Scott. Sponsor, Mrs. Theodore Smith.

Tennessee Presbyterial—(2) Prairie Mission Girls' Circle—16 members. Pres., Henrietta Steward.

Los Angeles Presbyterial, San Diego Pacific-Portal Community Gordon Guild — 10 members. Pres., Betty Standefer.

This last church is a new thriving church, evidenced by introduction of its girls immediately to the mission work of the denomination. Its sponsors are Mrs. P. A. Lehman and Mrs. Sue Jackson, both of San Diego.

Read about its colorful installation service in another article in this *Magazine*.

"EXCITEMENT"

The young people of America seem to thrive on excitement. They almost fly from game to game, party to party and other forms of amusement. They are so exuberant, so unrestrained, so fully vocal! True, many of them have lessons to prepare and extra-curricular activities. Some may have a few home duties and others are learning first lessons in earning a living.

There is danger that many of these young people accept this fly-about type of excitement as the accepted way of life. The question is—does such a just-off-the-earth mode of life make for substantial citizenry? Let each reader decide the answer.

What is excitement? Let the dictionary speak—"That which moves, stirs, or rouses or induces action." The possibilities in young life are many, either dormant or in a sluggish state. It makes all the difference what excites these possibilities. The following story will illustrate: In one evening, a New York City lad set fire to *eleven* tenement houses "for the excitement of it," he said. He had no desire to hurt any one! Very recently some one entered a church during the morning service and rifled purses of the choir girls—no doubt for gain, but there was an element of excitement in getting through a forbidden door, discovering loot and for the time at least making good in escape. Hence, it makes a great difference the motive for youthful excitement.

Are present day young people more dependent on excitement to keep them happy than an earlier generation? What can be expected of the multitudes fed on thrillers in the movies, depicting crime of every kind and all kinds of excesses; of the constant feeding on the so-called "funnies"; of the wide open avenues to adventure in night clubs and the road house, the ever-present automobile which puts distance between the family fireside and its youth? The home with its ordinary social events may seem drab; the ability to sit quietly and listen to more mature minds discuss current events in an intelligent way may be dubbed stupid! How can these false measurements be corrected? So much of life is unnatural, depending on outside stimulation instead of in the adjustments of one's own brain. It is time for our young people to cease depending on false stimulation, whose results are usually inferior and sometimes injurious or even dangerous!

Is it strange that it may be difficult to find young Christian girls and young women who are eager to join missionary organizations, especially if they have been over-stimulated in the things of the world? When they discover the romance of missions, when the newness of strange lands and unusual people come to their attention, when they begin to learn what it would be like in our beloved land if it were devoid of its present comforts, when they begin to appreciate our knowledge of the way of true life and the sad lack of it in heathen and pagan lands, a true excitement is bred. Many become devoted to the cause of missions. Their horizon has broadened. Life takes on a new meaning. Earnestness of purpose takes the place of fripperies. Life becomes serious and well balanced. The only excitement needed is the desire to be kingdom builders and to read about or hear of the victorious in soul-winning whether on foreign soil or in our own communities. When we get excited, let it be for a good reason and for a good cause!

A SOCIETY ANNOUNCES A SPECIAL EVENT

The Lyda-Don Missionary Group (Young Women) of the Emsworth Church enjoyed a box social at its February meeting. Each girl prepared a box for two, herself and a guest, for an exchange of boxes. The proceeds from the sale of the boxes were used for the Young Women's Special Fund. An inspiring program on "Missionary Progress in China" was conducted by Charlene Arthur and Marion Turnbull, the former using as a solo a hymn, the tune of which was Chinese in character. At the March meeting, the group united with the Mission Guild and Women's Society for a Chinese dinner and program, a native of China the speaker.

The Lyda-Don group is vitally interested in missions, local and general. At present scrapbooks are being prepared to be sent overseas to our mission fields.

A CANDLELIGHT INSTALLATION SERVICE

An impressive service in the Pacific-Portal Community Church of San Diego was performed by members of the Gordon Guild, a new teen-age circle, when its new officers were installed.

Each girl was dressed in an attractive pastel formal and after taking the vows of office was presented with a candle and a beautiful corsage. The ceremony included an impressive processional; also, a recessional together with individual promises to be faithful and loyal in thir official life. It was all picturesque as well as challenging.

This new society is already expressing itself, striving to meet the Standard of Efficiency, sending fruit and other gifts to a needy family, besides some money gifts to the work. The group meets on the first Monday of each month for a "pot luck" dinner and the program.

The following poem was used for the Meditation at the Installation service:

THE SOURCE OF PRAYER

When I do not stop to pray, the Cross is hard to bear.
'Tis then that Heaven seems far away and God seems not to care.
When I cannot find one hour, oh what a meager cost!
'Tis then I do not have the power to witness to the lost.
When I do not start the day with Christ, my All-in-All,
'Tis then that Satan has his way, and I am sure to fall,
'Tis then that little things annoy, and feelings crave release,
'Tis then I seem to lose His joy, and miss His inward peace.
Lord, let me look into Thy face till all else fades away,
Then shall my spirit learn Thy grace, my heart shall learn to pray.

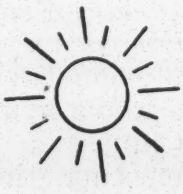
—Anonymous

JUST AN IDEA

Some societies like to vary the invitation to the missionary meeting. Indeed, some send out attractive printed or mimeographed cards or notes, especially if new people have moved into the neighborhood or if some have been a long time detained from attending because of illness in the family or other cause.

There is something about a personal invitation that is appealing. A written one means that some one has really thought about you. There is such a thing as becoming so efficient in all that is done that it seems to be "wooden."

Perhaps the following simple invitation may suit your case:

"IF THE  IS SHINING,

OR THE DROPS FALL,

COME TO OUR MISSIONARY MEETING;

YOU WILL ENJOY IT ALL."

Girls' Circle Program

By MRS. WALTER G. COMIN, JR., Pittsburgh, Pa.

If you are still travelling with us on this chair-borne flight, now is the time to plan the next leg of the journey into India and Pakistan.

PLANNING AHEAD

Look at the flight maps. From Addis Ababa you will fly north to Cairo, by T.W.A., southeast across Arabia, by Qantas Empire Airways, (Q. E.A.) and northeast to Lahore and Rawalpindi by Orient Airways. Assuming you have permission to travel across the border into East Punjab, you will fly from Lahore to Amritsar and then take a train to Dhariwal and Gurdaspur.

For ease in finding the various mission stations, turn to the map of India (Page 514), or in your Prayer Cycle and mark the longitudinal lines A to F and the latitudes 1 to 3. With colored pencil circle or check the stations as follows: Pathankot EF 2-3, Dhariwal EF 3; Gurdaspur EF 3; Rawalpindi CD 1-2; Abbottabad CD 0-1; Taxila BC 1-2; Campbellpur BC 1-2 (East); Jhelum CD 2-3 (North); Sargodha BC 2-3 (South); Lyallpur CD 3-0 (Southwest); Sangla Hill CD 3-0; Sialkot DE 2-3 (South of Gujrat River); Gujranwala DE 2-3 (Southeast); Martinpur CD 3-0 (Southeast); Sheikhupura DE 3-0 (Northeast at line D) Badomali CD 3; Zafarwal DE 2-3; Pasrur DE 2-3 (Southwest); Lahore DE 3-0 (near center).

Consult this magazine and the Prayer Cycle for local information. Plan your visits with the people mentioned, perhaps arranging for meetings of representatives of the stations at two or three centrally located places such as Pathankot in East Punjab, and Sangla Hill, Rawalpindi and Taxila in the West or Pakistan.

TO ADD INTEREST

Many helpful ideas for adding local color may be found in *Fun and Festival in India*, and *India at the Threshold*. Canvass the members of your group and of the church for pictures and art objects of India. Some fortunate person may have a sari to lend to you.

THE MEETING (OR FLIGHT)

Start the journey with a worship service following the theme outlined in the regular program: "Take My Hands" using the third verse of the year's theme song, and the scriptural theme from Psalm 24: 3,4, and 90:17.

At the end of your visit with our missionary friends in India, take them all into your prayer circle using days 16, 17, 18 in the Prayer Cycle.

TOURIST NOTES

1. Flying northward out of Ethiopia, watch for "Red Lalibella." Here centuries ago great temples were carved out of the solid red rock to depths of three and four stories below the earth's surface. From Asmara you will cross the historic Red Sea to Jeddah and back over again as you fly on to Cairo. And from Cairo watch for the Arabian desert and the Arabian Sea as you fly across to Karachi.

2. Karachi—one of the busiest travel centers in the world, where practically all the airlines in the middle east converge.

3. Note the contrast of modern mills and factories, trains and planes, and the peasant plowing with ox and primitive plow. (Look for current books and magazines, pictures and other illustrations in your local library for information on this subject.)

4. Hindus and Moslems form opposing political parties in Independent India as well as opposing religions.

5. The name of Pakistan is supposed to have been put forward in 1933 by a young Moslem follower of Jinnah, head of the Moslem League: P for the Punjab, A for the Afghan border area, K for Kashmir (Which eventually refused to join Pakistan), I as a phonetic convenience, and *stan* as the suffix meaning "land of."

6. The majestic towering beauty of the Himalayas along the northern border, especially at Pathankot and Abbotabad.

"How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of Him that bringeth Good Tidings."

The Juniors

MRS. CHARLES WRIGHT FULTON, Secretary
455 Forest Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.

JUNIOR SPECIAL PROJECT IN KENTUCKY

The portion of the 1948-1949 Junior Special Fund which has been designated for the Mountain Missions will be used for lunch room equipment at Frenchburg and for playground equipment at Ezel. This will be relieving a real need in these two lovely missions in the Kentucky mountains.

A DONOR TO THE JUNIOR EXHIBIT

The contribution of five dollars which was credited to Allegheny Presbyterial in a recent issue of the *Magazine* should have been credited to the Forest Avenue Church in Bellevue.

JUNIOR LIFE MEMBERS PICTURES

Some Juniors have been disappointed because their pictures have not yet appeared in the *Junior Missionary Magazine*. Many hundreds of pictures have been received for publication. Space does not permit the printing of more than fifty each month; so many Juniors must wait many months before their pictures appear.

When the pictures are received, they are sorted according to size, and arranged in groups so that the engraver can make full-page cuts. For this reason, it is not possible to put all pictures from one church together if they are of different sizes.

Junior Superintendents are requested to ask the Junior Life Members to be patient if pictures are not published as soon as sent to headquarters.

LITANY FOR A MAY MORNING

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
FATHER, WE THANK THEE,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
FATHER, WE THANK THEE,
For the song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
FATHER IN HEAVEN,
WE THANK THEE.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
FATHER, WE THANK THEE,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
FATHER, WE THANK THEE,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
FATHER IN HEAVEN,
WE THANK THEE.

For this new morning with its light,
FATHER, WE THANK THEE,
For rest and shelter of the night,
FATHER, WE THANK THEE,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends,
FATHER IN HEAVEN,
WE THANK THEE.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

JUNIOR EXHIBIT

Junior Exhibit articles should be sent not later than May 23rd. Packages are to be addressed as follows:

WGMS Junior Exhibit,
Sterling College
Sterling, Kansas

Home Missions

MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, Secretary
4 Wilmont Ave., Washington, Pa.

SOUTH EAST ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

Three homes, in which we have conducted Bible Clubs, have television sets, and have entertained the children. We hope that the day may come when you are equipped with television sets and by the turn of the dial, meet with us in the homes with the children grouped around the teacher, standing to the right of the flannelgraph board. Better yet, that our national secretary might be able to follow the progress of her workers in each department by the turning of the dial on her desk! Thus, an end would come to this laborious task of reporting. Excelsior!

Somehow, it is a more solemn thought and takes on new meaning how God sees all our actions and records them for the day of judgment. It was more than a figure of speech that Solomon employed when he said, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

It has been a busy month of calling to interest the people in the church and in the saving knowledge of Christ. Our eight classes for children were held regularly with an average attendance of seventeen in each. Four classes for mothers were conducted, each averaging an attendance of ten.

Ruth Elta Findley

FRENCHBURG, KENTUCKY

Student Activities

At Frenchburg the expressional side of education as well as the academic side is emphasized. Nearly every teacher is responsible for some activity aside from the curriculum. The last period of every school day is set apart for activities. A few classes are held in this period, but students who enroll in an activity, may enroll in another section of those courses. It is interesting to watch the development of young people as they assume leadership and undertake to carry on group work.

The regular basketball season of five months came to a close with the district tournament, March 2-5. The boys are now engaged in baseball and track events. Coach Whitaker has had a busy season and has enjoyed a fine spirit of cooperation and loyalty from his fellows. Various groups of boys anxious for practice are always welcome as the coach after an already full day takes a part or all of an evening with them. Here is a wonderful opportunity to show the boys what real Christianity is, and the school has been happy this year to have so able a man as leader.

The cheer leaders performed well under the direction of the Misses Sacher and Spiro. These girls help the spirit of the games and are no small part of the athletic program.

The girls of the school have been glad for the leadership of Miss Spiro in the Physical Ed. classes. Girls from the fifth grade through high school have enjoyed the time thus spent. A few weeks ago the Senior class raised a sum of money by a basketball game between the girls (Squaws) and the boys (Braves) of the class. Teachers acted as cheerleaders for both sides; also as referees and scorekeepers. The Braves won the game, but the Squaws made a good showing.

Forensic activities came to a climax with the district tournament at Morehead on March 25 and 26. French-

burg had entries in Debate, Interpretive Reading, Oratory, Extempore and Radio. The debaters with four teams participating took part in over 60 debates during the season, and made a good score in debates won. Those students who are active members in the National Forensic League also attended the State N. F. L. meeting at Georgetown on April 19. Four teachers have coached the forensic events: Miss Courter, Miss Childs. Mr. Gilfillan, and Mr. Gathman.

The orchestra and glee club, both under Miss Spiro's direction will demonstrate their attainments at the annual concert. One morning at chapel the high school enjoyed a selection by the boys' chorus and another by the girls' chorus. Both vocal and instrumental numbers were entered in the district contest in April, and some of the glee club members sang in the "All Kentucky Chorus." One event that is always anticipated in the commencemnt season is the piano recital given by Miss Huntley's pupils. This will be held May 17 in the church auditorium.

The Future Farmers of America under Mr. Bailey's direction have had a good year. At a recent chapel service the members demonstrated an F. F. A. meeting and thereby showed the type of work done and the value of the Agriculture program.

Miss Winifred Moore has concluded another year of training in folk games. Those who have shown themselves skillful in this endeavor enjoyed the annual festival at Berea College from April 6 to 8.

The Boy Scouts are looking forward to the Spring camporee at which some 600 boys and their leaders will be encamped. The boys have enjoyed overnight camps during the winter. The Girl Scouts with Miss Peterson met with the Ezel troop on March 29.

During this year various groups of students have conducted chapel services both in high school and grammar school. There is also a students' prayer meeting at the dormitory. Now and then a teacher may drop in for this time of blessing and one who did said, "Why the students really pray, they are in dead earnest." There are also the two girls' missionary societies and the two young people's societies in the church. A group of young people are looking forward to the Hanover Spiritual Life Conference this summer.

In all of these ventures the ultimate aim is to cause young people to see the Way of Life, to walk in it, and to show it to others. May the time, talent and effort yield a rich harvest.

Arthur Gathman, Superintendent

School Lunch Project Building, Frenchburg

HOME LIGHTS

From Frenchburg comes word that the school lunch program, which was inaugurated about the middle of February, is working out well. The temporary building, which was vacated by the grades when they took possession of the new school building, is being used for the project. About 230 pupils now have lunch there each day and more will be included later. This is a much needed service for the pupils. We are glad to have it launched at last. For several years the Ezel school has been carrying on a school-lunch program.

The Jane Cook hospital has been busy during recent weeks. At one time beds had to be placed in the hall-

way to make room for patients. They came from far and near. One woman who was very ill was brought in the doctor's jeep from her home twenty miles distant. She was in serious condition for some days but has recovered and returned home.

Little David Moore, eight-year-old son of Mrs. Thomas S. Moore of the Ezel faculty, was hurried to the hospital recently for an emergency appendectomy. The operation was successful and he has made a satisfactory recovery. David is the son of Mr. Thomas Moore. He and his older son Churchill recently lost their lives in an automobile accident.

The Ezel school has suffered from the illness of many connected with it. Miss Lucille Artman is now in The Good Samaritan Hospital in Lexington where she underwent an operation and will be under the care of a specialist for several weeks.

Gladys Hale, one of the two high school girls who help in the teachers' home during the school year, is in the Jane Cook Hospital with rheumatic fever and will be out of school for the remainder of the year. The two girls who were in the automobile wreck with Mr. Moore are still in the hospital in Lexington. They are recovering but when they are released one will still be encased in a cast for some weeks.

SLOVAN, PA.

The Slovan Mission needs some strong chairs. We have benches around the wall and a few strong chairs and some folding chairs which were given to us by "our friendly undertaker" when he purchased modern chairs. I wonder whether one of our large churches in the Pittsburgh district might have chairs that have been set aside for better ones that we might get. Our folding chairs are no longer safe and a number have been discarded.

During the month we took a number of our young people to Midway to hear a Russian evangelist. We had him as our guest for two meetings, speaking to the children in the afternoon and to our prayer group in the evening. One of our young men has decided to go to Bible school and is making arrangements for a correspondence course at the Moody Bible Institute until he is old enough to enter. His two sisters and brother are Christian and they are praying much for their father who came to this country from Russia. "God's Word will not return unto Him void" and it thrills our hearts as we see the devotion of these young people to His Word and we give Him all the praise and glory.

Arrangements have been completed for another series of meetings in July with Rev. James R. Calhoun of the Moody Bible Institute and during Easter week with local ministers.

Mrs. R. G. Russell

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

As I have been ringing door bells this past month to invite the people to come to worship in God's House, I have found some folks who haven't darkened a church door for years.

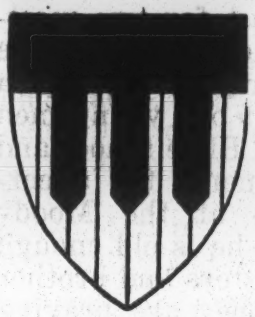
I met one family last week who doesn't attend any church, and the mother told me that she had brought her six children up without the Gospel. She says she knows that they are seeking something that will give them peace. We know that only the Lord Jesus can give them the peace which the world can not take away.

Truly the metropolitan area of New York City is a great mission field here at our own doorstep.

Fifty years ago Brooklyn, Greater New York's largest borough, was a city of Protestant churches and people; but today those churches have become the property of Jews, Catholics, and Negroes, and some are used for business places. The "City of Churches" has become a pagan City.

What are we going to do about reaching the millions outside of the church?

Jean Dickey



Negro Missions

MRS. H. RAY SHEAR, Secretary, 490 Serpentine Drive, Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

"You can play a tune of sorts on the white keys, you can play a tune of sorts on the black keys, but for harmony you must use both the black and the white."—J. E. K. Aggrey.

OUR WORK THROUGH THE YEARS

The few Negroes you see at the Synod, General Assembly and other meetings of the Church from time to time, represent but a small per cent of the Church's work for the Negro in America. Should you look at the Negro membership as reported in the Minutes of the General Assembly from year to year, you might feel that our efforts among the Negroes are not bearing much fruit over a period of seventy years or more.

But in order to evaluate the effectiveness of the work of the Church in this field, you must know that we have not tried to b u i l d a Negro U n i t e d Presbyterian membership among the Negroes over the years. While the door has always been left open with a hearty welcome, our primary emphasis has been in the field of Christian education and evangelism for boys and girls without regard to church affiliation.

The founding fathers of this work adopted an altruistic policy in their mission to the Freedmen. They said, "Let us develop for them Christian leaders for the churches already established among them." Through the years this policy has been pursued. Those desiring to enter our communion have been gladly received and welcomed. Literally thousands of boys and girls have gone from our dormitories and schools to enrich the Baptist and Methodist churches, to which the great mass of Negroes belong, as well as the Presbyterian and other churches.

These boys and girls have become School Superintendents, church officers, ministers, presiding elders, bishops, high school principals, college presidents, doctors, lawyers, dentists and competent lay leaders in the churches where they were members.

Rev. Isaiah H. Bonner

The Reverend I s a i a h Hamilton Bonner is presented here as a concrete example of what our Church is doing and has done in developing leadership for other churches than our own. In May, 1948, Rev. Bonner was elected a bishop of the A.M.E. Church during the General Conference meeting in Kansas City, Kansas.

Bishop Bonner received his elementary and high school education at the Academy, Camden, Alabama, and Miller's Ferry, Wilcox Co., Miller's Ferry, Alabama. He did his col-

lege and theological work at Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn., graduating in 1914. At this time he was a member of the Miller's Ferry U.P. congregation and a candidate for the ministry under the care of the Tennessee Presbytery.

For two years after his graduation Rev. Bonner served under the late Dr. C. H. Johnson as vice principal of Miller's Ferry and assistant pastor of the congregation. During this time he married Miss Nannie Jones, a teacher at Miller's Ferry, and a graduate of Henderson Institute, Henderson, N.C. Miss Jones is among the finest products of our mission work. Upon the retirement of Dr. Johnson, Rev. Bonner was elevated to the principalship of Miller's Ferry, and pastor of the congregation. In this capacity he served for five years, when he resigned to enter the ministry of the A.M.E. Church. In this church he has steadily advanced in service until he reached the top of the ladder in his recent elevation to the bishopric. He has been assigned to preside over the Conferences in South Africa. He will make his episcopal residence at both Capetown and Johannesburg, South Africa. He will preside over 80,000 natives directing all the school and missionary activities in South Africa. They are packed to sail on the next ship as I write these lines. Through them, Bishop and Mrs. Bonner, the United Presbyterian Church will be extending its work and influence in the Dark Continent for God and humanity.

We could give many examples of how our altruistic policy has achieved its goal in developing leadership for other denominations among Negroes. I think it a wise policy to supplement our altruistic Christian educational work by laying stress on building up a United Presbyterian membership among Negroes for many reasons which lack of space does not permit to state here. And I applaud the establishment of the Missions in Los Angeles, California, and Dayton, O. This work has a direct bearing on the solution of our so-called Race Problem. It will also help us in the solution of our international difficulties.

D. F. White

MISSIONS AROUND THE WORLD

(*Continued from Page* 542)

Air travel is good for the soul. I have never yet been able to forget the law of gravity. And while it is a unique thrill to ride above the storms in clouds that stand up in peaks like whipped meringue, one is reminded of the slogan, "The more the firma the lesser the terra." Every descent brings with it the determination to make the best of this new lease on life.

We have been rewarded for our descent to Hongkong, however, for we are being royally entertained by the Wilburs. Mr. Wilbur is co-manager of the National City Bank of New York, Hongkong. Mrs. Wilbur is the daughter of Mrs. Ralph Arnold, treasurer of the *Women's Missionary Magazine*. Their home in the Knowloon district is our home for a few days. I am writing on Helen Arnold Wilbur's typewriter, while Vicki their black cocker spaniel plays on the beautiful blue oriental rug. It is good to be among Christian friends. Mr. Wilbur tells me Hongkong means Fragrant Harbor. This home is truly that to us.

Indian Missions

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, 9 Pocono Dr., Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

A GREAT STEP FORWARD IN INDIAN WORK

LOUIS J. MITCHELL, TAMA, IOWA

For several years we have watched with interest the path toward which Louis Mitchell has been directed by God and the course which he has followed in carrying out God's will that he might be of greatest service possible to his own people. Very early in his life, Louis Mitchell manifested a sincere love and devotion for his Lord, through a willing and active participation in the work of his church, the Mesquakie United Presbyterian Indian Mission of Tama, Iowa. It was in May 1942 that this church was organized and at that time Louis Mitchell and Edward Davenport were ordained elders; later, in May 1948, George Buffalo was also ordained an elder.

Although Mr. Mitchell felt deeply the great need for Christian service among his own people and had in his heart the desire to bring them to the knowledge of Christ, yet he realized his own lack of preparation for such a task. The Rev. and Mrs. Fred Patterson, missionaries at Tama, were used wonderfully by God in directing the training and the path of life of this promising worker for Christ from their little Mesquakie congregation. In September, 19[illegible] Louis Mitchell, his wife and five children left for Phoenix, Arizona where Mr. Mitchell started his preparation for Christian service at the Cook Christian Training School and from which he will graduate this May. In spite of the fact that it is an Interdenominational American Indian School, nevertheless there are only forty young Indians in this school training for Christian leadership. This fact shows how slow the Indian is to accept Christ and how very few of the young Indians have sensed the responsibility that is theirs in helping to bring the message of the Gospel to their own people. In further preparation for the ministry and possible ordination, Mr. Mitchell has continued his theological study during the summer months at the Winona Lake School of Theology.

The opportunity for actual Christian service among his own people has opened up naturally for Mr. Mitchell in the possibility of taking over the work at Tama where the Pattersons have so firmly laid a foundation. The Pattersons are having to leave Tama due to the climate and have recently answered a most urgent call to Christian service among the Navajo Indians. Mr. Mitchell, realizing the sacredness of the call, the great importance of the work and his own inexperience hesitated making a hasty decision in regard to taking up the work at Tama. After careful deliberation and prayer and in a most humble, sincere and unselfish Christian attitude, his reply was that he felt led by God to see that this new step was God's will for him and that with God's grace

(*Continued on Page* 569)

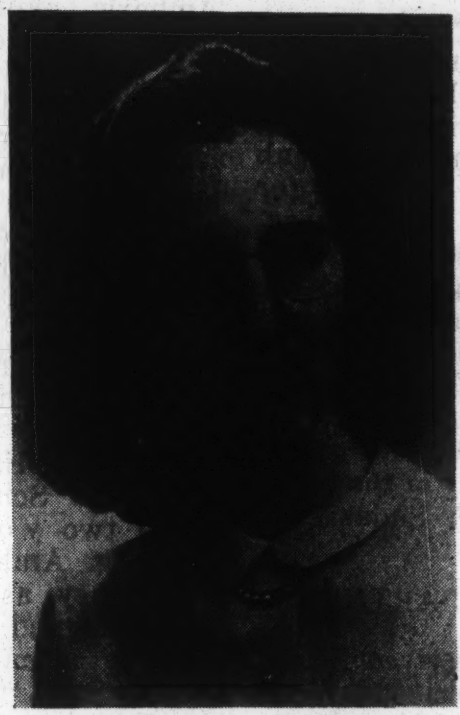
Mr. Louis J. Mitchell and Family

Foreign Missions

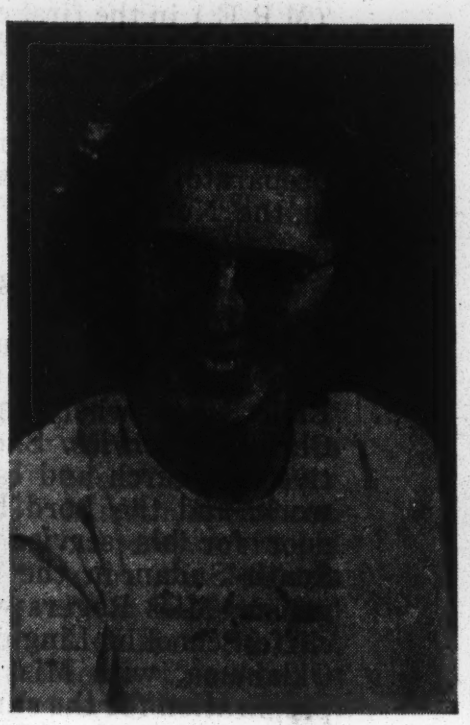
MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary, 847 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa

"I Have Chosen You"

Miss Alice Ruth Gabel



Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort



Miss Phyllis A. Rogers

"HEARING THE CALL, THEY GO"

The Women's Board takes pleasure in announcing the appointment of these three young women from our United Presbyterian Churches: Miss Eleanor C. Vandervort, Miss Alice Ruth Gabel and Miss Phyllis A. Rogers, for regular missionary service. It is a delight to the Board to have these young women from various parts of our own Church from the states of Washington, Wisconsin, and Pennsylvania join the ranks of "Ambassadors for Christ" overseas. Let us all follow them in prayer as they take up new tasks as His witnesses.

Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort of the First Church, (North Side) Pittsburgh, Pa., a member of this year's graduating class of Wheaton College, has had her eyes fixed steadily upon this goal since Junior Missionary days. She is appointed to the Evangelistic work in the South Sudan. Miss Vandevort has enrolled for the Summer Course at the Wycliffe School of Linguistics, Norman, Oklahoma for further preparation before proceeding this fall to her field of service where she expects to study and to do work in translation in the Nuer Tribe in Nasir, South Sudan.

* * * *

Miss Alice Ruth Gabel of the West Allis, Wisconsin Church, a graduate

of the University of Illinois in Urbana, Ill., will complete her two-year course in the Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary in May, receiving her degree of Master of Religious Education (M.R.E.) in the first class to be graduated in Christian Education. Miss Gabel will leave in late summer for KhartoumNorth, North Sudan to take up language study and observation, preparatory for Evangelistic service in the North Sudan Mission.

* * * *

Miss Phyllis A. Rogers of our Bellingham, Washington Church studied at the Bellingham Business College, then graduated from the Multnomah Bible School where she prepared for Christian service. She has been active in Church and especially Youth work, and the Lord has opened the door for his service to her in the South Sudan in the field of Evangelism. Miss Rogers will attend Wycliffe School of Linguistics, Norman, Oklahoma, with Miss Vandevort, in preparation for the study of the tribal languages of the South Sudan.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

The cable message received March 14: Tait, Yilek, Bark Arrived—Well" relieved the tense nerves of loved ones of these young women who sailed on the "S.S. Exochorda" on February 22, and prayers of thanksgiving were offered for a safe voyage.

The Misses Ruth C. Beatty, R.N. of Sayo, Ethiopia and Isabel Blair of Gorei, Ethiopia left Alexandria on March 3 and it is expected they will arrive in New York March 23.

Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison of Tanta Hospital expect to arrive for a mid-term furlough on May 20. The time in U.S.A. will be short, but it seemed imperative to have time here, especially in the interests of the hospital staff and the proposed new construction work at Tanta Hospital, necessary for its enlarged opportunities for service in the Delta.

PROFITABLE WAITING

The two Ethiopian appointees who have been patiently waiting are working and studying while they wait. Miss Marguerite M. Lienard and Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., have been studying Amharic, being tutored by Ethiopian students in Seattle Pacific College and practicing with victrola records in Amharic. Miss Harper writes that she has learned the Amharic expression for "I have come" and she hopes to be able to say that real soon over there in Ethiopia. While she waits she has been having more experience in obstetrics and also anesthesia, which Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N. of Sayo has advised her to do, for anything she learns will be of value when she arrives at Sayo Hospital.

Miss Lienard has been teaching in Seattle Schools and that experience will be good for her in her work with Miss Ruth M. Nichol in the Girls' School in Addis Ababa. These two young women will be studying Amharic the first year, while they assist part-time in the work assigned to them. They are now learning a hard lesson in patience as they wait for their permits, but one that is most important in missionary service. James 1:4.

NORTH SUDAN NEWS

"The station-wagon has arrived and having been tested out by the Sudan Mercantile Company, which is the agent for Fords, it was delivered on Monday, February 21" was the message from the delighted Miss Una Coie. "They had to change the tail light to the other side to comply with regulations here. It is real swell, and being the latest model and the only one of its exact kind here, it nearly stops traffic while passers-by gaze. Our driver's smile can almost be tied behind his ears, for he is very proud of it and takes good care of it too."

Miss E. Verna Pillow planned to start homeward on April 4 and sail April 14 on the "S.S. Excambion," due in New York on May 6. She expects to be in the East and Middle West long enough to attend the W.G.M.S. Convention at Sterling College June 2-7, and then go to her home in California.

* * * *

"Our three babies are being used daily not only for our third-year high school Child Welfare class, but also for a class of 25 in Child Welfare for the Red Cross girls of our Detachment," writes Miss Frances Turk of Khartoum North G.B.S., North Sudan. "They are three most adorable children. Our little Sammy (picture in the February Magazine, Page 366) has really been taken over as her own child by Elizabeth, one of our oldest and finest Christian Sudanese teachers. We shall all have to help her with the expense, because Elizabeth helps her parents and the five children of her sister."

* * * *

Transportation between the tricities — Omdurman, Khartoum and Khartoum North—has taken a step forward with the arrival of brand new buses. The antiquated trams that go at a snail's pace and have frequent breakdowns are still in use, but the new buses replace the old, evil-smelling diesel buses which were more like trucks and which were inadequate for the large number of commuters. The new, long, green, shiny vehicles are a sight that many eyes here have never beheld. The first day they appeared in Omdurman, I was walking along the street when one of them purred past. A black man, lazily ambling along with a basket over his head, was suddenly shocked out of his daydreams at the sight of the long, shiny wonder. As he stopped and straightened, the basket fell back and he gasped. "What's that? A train?"

E. Verna Pillow

TANTA, EGYPT

"Our minds are full of plans for the Commencement Exercises on March 17," writes Miss Eulalia D. Grether of Tanta G. B. S., "the local Thank Offering of the school on March 24 and the Presbyterial meeting on March 25. Then, too, a lovely Easter play is in the process of preparation to be given April 17, out of doors. They are very impressive. The Day of Prayer services were fine."

* * * *

DR. MABEL ROSE MASSEY

My grandparents were converts from the higher caste of Mohammedans, i.e. the priest caste. They were devoted to Islam and other Muslim literature, but they were led to trust in Jesus as their Saviour and Mediator. At first some tracts in Arabic were given to them; to these they did not pay much attention. Later they wanted to be secret disciples but soon they found that Jesus said: "Everyone therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in Heaven."

Dr. Mabel Rose Massey

My mother was also a convert. She was not only a beautiful Indian woman, but she also had a most beautiful spirit. Both my father and mother were true seekers of God. It was because of that faith and trust that they could face such troubles and trials. My father died when I was only thirteen months old. My mother had four children, two boys and two girls; I am the youngest in the family. My mother had implicit

faith in God; that is what helped her during those years of trials. I am grateful to God for blessing me with a mother like that. In order to support and educate us, she had to put up with big struggles, unaided by any relatives. She went to Calcutta and in four years' time completed nursing, midwifery and compounding. My two brothers were educated in St. Stephen's College, Delhi. My sister Dorothy, after finishing her high school course, took the same training as mother did in Lady Harding Medical College, Delhi.

I was born and reared in Delhi, having all my education in the Church of England Mission School. As a child I had two great ambitions: one of bandaging some poor patient and the other of going abroad. I finished high school at the age of 14½ years, and was sent to college for Pre-Medical training, and after a year I joined the Women's Christian Medical College, Ludhiana, Punjab. I did not find the medical course easy. For the first two years of training my mother helped me buy my books, but after she died, the next three years were the biggest problems of my life. The books were more expensive and more were required and I did not have the means to get them. I trusted in God and said to myself: "If it is His will that I complete this training, then He will find means to help me," and He did provide for me most wonderfully. Since I had this training by the aid of government scholarship, I was expected to work for the government for three years. I certainly did not like the idea of working for the government; however, I was excused from this service. Therefore I accepted a post in the Methodist Mission Clara Swain Hospital, Bareilly, where I worked for about seven years. From there in 1943 I came to Memorial Hospital, Sialkot.

Throughout my practice I have become increasingly interested in gynecological work and in abdominal surgery. I have seen such sorrow and suffering that it has made me feel, for a time almost as if I could face no more without being able to relieve their suffering more efficiently. Oh, what the poor women of India endure!

Realizing the extreme necessity for women doctors in mission hospitals, it is my ambition to take further training in gynecology and in surgery in America. It has been the earnest desire of my heart for years to become more efficient in order that I might more fully serve my Seviour in mission hospitals. If the Lord wills, it is my intention to serve Him in this way many years.

—*Mabel Rose Massey*

(*Foreign Secretary's Note: Dr. Massey of Sialkot Hospital, West Punjab, Pakistan expects to come to America for special study, probably about May. This letter received from her will give our readers the story of her life. We trust the women of our Church will meet her and that she may have happy fellowship during her sojourn here.*)

TREASURED THOUGHTS

(*Continued from Page* 537)

who came to a club to learn to sing and sew and to memorize the Word? Oh no, it isn't easy—one is often forced to go forward on one's knees. But what a challenge to one's faith! What a challenge to one's courage! He who said. "Lo, I am with you always," goes before and He carries the burden—when we let Him.

Someone asked on retirement where I wanted to live. I said were it wise I would return tomorrow, but I know it isn't wise, and I am sure He will care for the closing years, for He says He is with us *always*. This should be a song of praise for His goodness and mercy through all the years.

MARGARET A. BELL, GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST

By DR. ELSIE M. FRENCH, Cairo, Egypt

From my earliest days in Egypt until her retirement, some three years ago, from active service, I looked upon Miss Margaret Bell not only as a staunch and loyal friend, but also as an example of devoted service in His cause.

She was a member of the household in which I spent my first summer in Egypt. I well remember awaking from a sound sleep during an afternoon siesta to find her sitting up in the next bed praying aloud, at length, and quite coherently. . . . and then discovering that she was, all the while, sound asleep also! What a depth of devotion one must have to produce, even in sleep, such a flow of praise and petition!

Miss Margaret A. Bell

The word that the Father has released her from the weakness, weariness and pain of her last months, brings a flood of memories of her years of service. She worked, always, under the handicap of physical frailty, and, in later years, under the additional one of increasing deafness. But I never knew her to excuse herself from a duty because of bodily weakness; rather, she learned to husband her strength to expend upon vital things, her active mind busy with plans while her body was at rest. Nor did I ever see her withdraw herself from a group because she could not hear all of the conversation, as I also never saw her attempt to follow it in a way that made her an annoyance to the group. Rather, she accepted her handicap; caught as much of the conversation as she could by skillful reading of lips.

She was a very positive person, very loyal, very frank and outspoken, sparing no one's feelings when the truth must be said. And, at the same time, she was a well of tenderness and helpful service to those who came to her with a need to be supplied.

To the end of her days in Egypt. . . . and they were extended far beyond normal retirement age because she knew that she was filling a place which war conditions prevented anyone else from coming out to take over. . . . she kept her keenness of mind and depth and breadth of interest in all phases of world service. But her chief interest was her school and the Christian training of the girls who were hers to teach.

Throughout the length of this land there are hundreds of women, mothers in Christian homes, teachers and Bible women. . . . yes, and many who have never named His name, but whose lives have been enriched by her who served them devotedly for His sake. . . . who rise up and call her blessed; even as those of us who knew her well will never forget her staunchness and devotion to the Master in whose service she spent her life.

An African Boy's Prayer — "Our Hearts are like a book full of mistakes. Take Thy eraser, Lord, and erase all our faults."

From *World Mission Digest.*

Literature

MRS. WALTER H. HOLT, Secretary
904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

AN EXPLANATION AND A PRICE CHANGE

We regret to announce that the *Officers' Packet* and the *Catalogue of Publications* are not now available since they are undergoing complete supervision. Announcement of their availability will be made as soon as possible, probably during the summer.

The Fabulous "Dutch" Zellers —new price $2.00 (notice change from Reading Course list.

A QUESTION

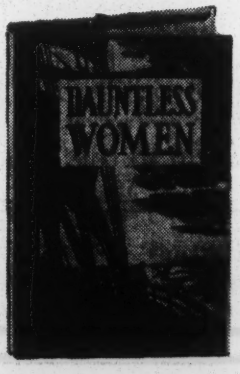
As you look over the new 1949-50 Reading Course list (see *March Magazine*), this question will come to you: "Where is the Youth Study Book for the Home theme? I see one for the Teen Age and one for the Adult, but none for the Youth." You are right; it isn't there, and this is the reason.

There are two other Home Mission books published by the MEM (Missionary Education Movement — our source of interdenominational literature) but the Literature Committee felt that it could not conscientiously authorize their inclusion in the list. All missionary endeavor has one central purpose: to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ. All resultant "works" are the fruit of this belief, and no "works," it matters not how good and noble, can rightly be called the result of Christian missionary effort unless they stem from this base. The authors, who give us in these two books, a vivid picture of some excellent projects carried out by earnest young people, neglect, whether intentionally or not, to come out with a strong and unequivocal statement of the basic purpose of their work. There is much today that, even though good, must be labeled "social service" and not "Christian service."

Therefore the only adult study book, *Again Pioneers*, may seem to constitute a rather lean offering for this year. However, we feel that we have supplied an admirable substitute in the book, *American Churches*. The March *Magazine* carries a brief resume of it. The author has based his book upon lectures given to English students at Oxford University so you may be sure that his study is a careful but vigorous presentation of the past and the present of the churches of America. Notice on the March Literature page, the variety of subjects he touches and then be convinced of its value and timeliness—and I might add, timelessness. I do not hesitate to recommend this as first choice on Home Study list.

Again, under the Home category, notice the substitution (see April *Magazine*) for *number four; The Fabulous "Dutch" Zellers* is of necessity a substitute for *Brother Van*.

Dauntless Women



The fascinating stories of five pioneer missionary wives by a well-known author, Winifred Mathews. Paper—$1.00. Cloth —$1.50.

Tumbleweed Boy

A vivid picture for the Teen-Age group of migrant life as seen through the excitements and disappointments of a 14-year-old boy. A special effort has been made this year to provide readable books for the thoughtful Teen-Age group. Paper—$1.00. Cloth—$1.75.

The Seven Stars

Toru Matsumoto is known as the author of *A Brother Is A Stranger*. Although called "the fictionized life story of the "Seven Stars" (seven Japanese students), the book is full of true experiences preceding and during World War II. It is another "can't lay it down" book. Paper—$1.00. Cloth—$2.50.

READING COURSE BOOKS NOW AVAILABLE

All, except *Again Pioneers* and *Japan Begins Again* (probably May 15); *Which Way Japan* (large format—May 1)

JUNIOR BOOKS AND SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

All, except *Blueberry Acres* (June 1); *Sandy and Mr. Jalopy* and picture map of Japan (June 15).

LEAFLETS FOR JUNE PROGRAM

India—Pakistan

Story of Avalon Girls' High School	$.15
Winifred Paterson—Pioneer	.15
Child Life in India	.01
When Death Comes in India	.01
Claims of Suffering	.02
Karm Bibi	.01
Lost Rupee	.01
Most Wonderful Answer to Prayer	.01
One Afternoon	.02
A Woman's Sorrow	.01

THE GREAT STEP FORWARD IN INDIAN WORK

(*Continued from Page* 562)

and guidance he would go forth to the best of his ability to do His will. This great step forward is significant in connection with our Indian work in that Mr. Mitchell represents the very first of our United Presbyterian American Indian young men to launch out into the field of the ministry. It is our prayer that both Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell may be blessed as they labor together as missionaries among their own people in the Mesquakie United Presbyterian Indian Mission of Tama, Iowa.

Simnasho, Oregon—Since the Government School was closed due to the extreme cold weather and the lack of water, Mr. and Mrs. Plank took advantage of the opportunity to hold a Daily Vacation Bible School. They held the Bible School in the "Little House" where it was possible to keep reasonably warm. The attendance was exceptionally good in spite of the extreme weather. The children were very much interested in making notebooks of Bible Lessons with fill-in typed questions which had to be answered directly from their Bibles. Those who attended regularly were quite proficient in the "Sword Drill"—the finding of Scripture references quickly.

Temperance and Reform

By MRS. W. J. HARPER McKNIGHT, Secretary
1007 Brookline Blvd., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

It is a real joy to introduce to you the new Secretary of Temperance and Reform, Mrs. W. J. Harper McKnight. Her ability, her enthusiasm, and her consecration will bring fresh interest to this important department. As you have helped me through these years when I was "acting secretary," I bespeak your cooperation and prayers for her. May the Lord bless her and make her a blessing.

Mrs. G. Virgil Hutchison

It is with a real feeling of appreciation for the fine work of my immediate predecessor, together with the devoted and consecrated labor of a "great cloud of witnesses" who have laid the foundation over a long period of years, that I pick up the torch to carry on this great task of Temperance and Reform.

It is also with an overwhelming sense of inadequacy and lack of preparation on my own part that I undertake this work which *should* be of such prime concern to the people of every denomination that it would take on the nature of a veritable *crusade.*

I submit this idea, therefore, as one "plank" in my platform—to give and to attempt to inspire others to give to this great cause a *Crusading Spirit.*

It has long been my conviction that one can take a *cause* which has long been regarded as somewhat of a "lost cause" and by investing it with a high and holy *enthusiasm,* an obvious *pride* and *conviction* in its unquestionable significance, together with prayerful, persistent hard work, can raise it to the point of consideration and action it deserves from the Christian people of our churches.

To this end, as your new Secretary pledges herself to faithful effort in this cause, is it asking too much to request that every Temperance Secretary in every Society in our entire denomination shall here and now pledge herself to an intelligent new study of this great problem and to the joy of a great new *crusade.*

It is not an easy task. Somehow, the whole problem of alcohol is so exceedingly complicated that to champion the cause of Temperance seems to require a peculiar brand of personal courage. Many of us shrink from this highly controversial subject either because we are not intelligently equipped to defend our convictions or because we are afraid of the ridicule and scorn of the always voluble "other side."

In this event, let us take courage from the young Methodist minister of Montana who was followed by two mountain lions one cold winter morning. He ran and as he ran he was horribly afraid. As the lions drew close he wheeled about and they stopped, and as soon as he had wheeled he was no longer afraid, but was exalted. The whistle of a passing engine alarmed the lions and they fled, but the point is that when he ran, he was afraid and when he faced the danger he was inspired.

And so, women of our great General Missionary Society, at the beginning of our new year of church activity, let us solemnly declare that by the Grace of God we will equip ourselves mentally and spiritually to wheel about and face the Number One Enemy of America unafraid.

"IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE"

(*Continued from Page* 529)

to stop it." She knew then that the break would have to be made so one dark night, armed with a ceremonial bathing bucket, an extra suit of clothes and with the prayer on her lips, "Oh Lord, if you want me to follow you, you will have to keep that dog asleep or I will not be able to get out of this house," she stepped out into the court-yard. She at once stumbled over the sleeping buffalo and with a clatter of brass fell headlong. As she lay there, expecting every moment to hear the wild barking of the dog, she said, "Oh Lord, if this is the way you are going to treat me if I follow you, I am going to have a hard time but I am going to follow you anyway." The dog never stirred. Gathering herself up, she went on, left the clothes and the bucket on the bank of the river and after another bad fall finally found herself knocking at the gate of the Bible Woman's house. She came to the door and was amazed when she saw who it was, though she—like the early church for Peter—had been fasting and praying for many days, and that very night had been awakened out of sleep with a sense of the need of special prayer for her. But when the answer came it did not seem possible. Mrs. Jia Lal was hidden away in a store room, for they knew that as soon as day dawned the police would be on her trail. She was given a bed and a tiny light. As she sat, sleepless, watching the oil diminish, she thought, "Oh what will I do when the light goes out, I just will not be able to stand the dark." The lamp finally went out but not the light, for there was the glow of a beautiful soft light up in one corner of the room and as she sat looking at it she kept repeating, "Oh what a beautiful light." The police arrived in the early morning but His Hand had her covered. That hand continued to protect, lead and strengthen her when her family found where she was and brought all sorts of pressure to bear on her, pressure greater than unaided flesh could bear. They tried every means possible to get her back but to no avail. Before many months had passed she was able to go without fear to them and testify of her new-found joy.

One of her dreams will give a little indication of her fearless zeal and intense desire to never fail her Master. She dreamed that she was in a huge Hindu temple. There was a great throng of worshippers, all bowing down to a great Idol there. There was a great beating of drums and she was standing in the midst of all this preaching Christ. People tried to stop her and told her that she should be worshipping the god. She replied, "Me, a follower of the True and Living God worship that idol, certainly not, never!" Then they told her that she would have to stop preaching and she refused to do that. Finally she awakened and at once began to pray, "Oh God, I thank thee that even in a dream I did not fail Thee and that I did not fear to proclaim Thy name. I don't want to fail even in a dream.

(*Continued from Page* 531)

ments and heart aches, but when even a few of our girls go out and do really good work, then I know it has been worthwhile.

M.T.P. And how do you feel about our work with the seminary women?

M.R.S. There too I have seen great changes. There is less quarreling; they are cleaner, and their children are better taken care of. I don't spare them at all; I tackle everything in their lives that is not yet Christian. And now even the men are learning about home-making from their wives. Yes, I think we have made a good beginning, and I have visions of these pastors and their families going out to live the life that is Christ. If we can do that for the Church in Pakistan and India, no price will have been too great. But Miss Sahiba, you and I can see those results only as we ourselves keep "in the secret place."

Tributes

Mary Fletcher Depuyt

Although deprived of her natural vision in the later years of her life, Mary Depuyt was a "giver of light." She served as president of the missionary society for two years and was an active member until confined to her home. Her interest in missions and her material giving continued with us until she was privileged to step ahead in the "Great Realm of Light," on November 4, 1948.

Friends called on Mary Depuyt to bring her bright bits of news about Church and friends, and came away lightened by her faith in God and the joyousness of her fellowship with Him.

The Women's Missionary Society
First United Presbyterian Church
Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Roderick MacLeod
Mrs. William B. Wilson
Mrs. Thomas Lamont

Mrs. Clara E. Berry

The Women's Missionary Society of the Clarinda, Iowa, United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Clara E. Berry who was called to her heavenly home December 7, 1948.

Mrs. Berry was a woman of unusual force and ability, which qualities she used in helping to extend the kingdom of God in her church and community. For more than twenty-five years she was the beloved teacher of a Sabbath School class, had served as President of the Women's Missionary Society, in which organization she always took an active part, and she was ever faithful in church attendance. She dwelt much upon the use and power of prayer and her faith in God was implicit. This was exemplified in that she repeated the Twenty-third Psalm to her pastor from her sick bed the day before she passed away.

She possessed a generous and loving spirit which was evidenced in the many deeds of kindness shown to friends and those in need.

Dear friend in Christ, we miss you so;
Your loving deeds: but then we know,
With your Heavenly Pilot face to face
Unbounded joy you e'er embrace.

Mrs. Lida J. Spencer

After many years of illness God called Mrs. Lida J. Spencer, His loyal friend and ours, to her heavenly home on January 27, 1949, at her home on Xenia Avenue, two days after the celebration of their sixty-second wedding anniversary. She was a faithful member of our W.M.S. and loyal member of the flower committee, serving until her health would no longer permit.

We, the members of the Women's Missionary Society and Dorcas Bible Class of the United Presbyterian Church of Cedarville, Ohio, would show our love in this tribute to her and extend our heartfelt sympathy to her loved ones and commend them to the care of Him whom she loved and served.

Mrs. J. E. Hastings
Mrs. E. E. Finney
Mrs. J. M. Bull

Mrs. Flora Black
Mrs. Blanche Schildroth
Mrs. Agnes Copley

The United Presbyterian Missionary Society of Reinbeck, Iowa, wishes to pay a tribute of love and appreciation to the memory of three of our members called Home during the past year — Mrs. Flora Black, Mrs. Blanche Schildroth, Mrs. Agnes Copley.

We mourn their passing not only as personal friends but as loyal workers in our church and society.

Their strong faith and trust in God and friendly manner toward all, are memories we cherish. Our loss is their gain.

There is a home not made with hands,
Beyond the golden door,
Awaits the one who is away,
Not lost, just gone before.
And in that house not made with hands
The Master will prepare
A place for us, and when He calls,
We will meet our loved ones there.

Committee

Mrs. Susie Huston Kennedy

It is with sorrow that the women of the Seventh United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, mark the passing of Mrs. Susie Huston Kennedy. She was called to eternal rest on February 9, 1949. Hers was a full life of devotion to her family, to her church, and to her Lord and Master.

Her children may well call her "blessed." She ministered not only to their physical wants but she led and guided them in spiritual paths. Her constant interest in the affairs of the Kingdom kindled and instilled like interest in them. Their home was truly a Christian home. In it radiated sunshine, cheer, and love.

Active in the church she was affiliated with many of its organizations. Although quiet in manner, her Christian witnessing was ever effective. She could always be numbered among the staunch and loyal workers of the church. Her keen interest in the Missionary Program set an example for others. She will truly be missed by her church friends.

The even keel on which her life was built attested to her faith and love in her

Savior. Her trust and devotion to Him was evidenced through her patience and hopes in her illnesses. She has heard Him say: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

We extend our sincere sympathy to the family, who so keenly feel the loss of a devoted wife, a loving mother and a faithful sister. May her husband find solace in the sacred memories of blessed years spent happily together. May her children find inspiration in the spiritual training which was theirs from early youth onward and may her teachings continue to bear fruit. May her sister find comfort in the mutual love and understanding which was theirs as they lived each one a part in the life of the other. May the love of the Savior minister to each of them in these trying hours. May His grace and peace abide with them and comfort them.

The Committee

Mrs. Edward Stotz

The Women's Missionary Society of the Ingram, Pa., United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Edward Stotz who was called to higher service on January the eighth, 1949.

Her love for God's House and God's Day, and her unbounded interest in all missionary and church work will remain an inspiration to all.

Mrs. Stotz organized the Junior Missionary Society of the Ingram Church and served as the Superintendent for forty-two years. She was also Junior Secretary of the Monongahela Presbyterial for twenty-five years. She was always ready with heart, hand, money and strength to cheerfully perform any and every task she saw needed to be done.

To the bereaved family we extend our love and sympathy.

"Fold up the tent,
Above the mountains crest
I hear a voice calling, calling clearly
To rest! To rest!
And I am glad to go,
For the lamp burns low,
And rest is best."

Mrs. Harry J. Welch
Mrs. Edwin M. Stuckert
Marie Jamison

Mrs. John L. Leech

The Anna Y. Thompson Missionary Society of the Second United Presbyterian Church of Washington, Pennsylvania, bows to God's will in the passing of one of our beloved members, Gladys Love Leech, who was called to her heavenly home on February 15, 1949.

Her radiant life endeared her to all of us. Always calm in facing a crisis, her unwavering faith and fortitude sustained all those who journeyed with her to the end.

An ardent tither of time and money, she entered into all church activities. Her contribution to the life of the Kingdom is a lasting memorial.

We shall always cherish her memory and shall miss her faithful presence in our midst.

With her family we deeply sympathize in their loss of a loving wife, mother and grandmother.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That she is dead, she is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
She has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
Its needs must be since she lingers there.
Think of her still as the same, I say;
She is not dead she is just away.

Laura E. Robb
Marie R. Craft
Lyndall M. Rogers

Mrs. Lydia Bradfute Turnbull

The Women's Missionary Society and the Dorcas Bible Class of the United Presbyterian Church of Cedarville, Ohio, wish to pay a tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. Lydia Bradfute Turnbull, who passed to her reward December 30, 1948, at her home on Xenia Avenue. She was a faithful member of both organizations, always modest and retiring. Weakness has prevented her doing active service for several years. Had she lived until April 28, they would have celebrated their fifty-second wedding anniversary. She will be missed in our circles and in her home, and our sympathy goes out to her family. We commend them to God's comfort and care. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Mrs. J. E. Hastings
Mrs. E. E. Finney
Mrs. J. M. Bull

Miss Edith M. White

The Alice Acheson Young Women's Missionary Society of the Union United Presbyterian Church, Gayly, Pa., wishes to pay a loving tribute to the memory of Miss Edith M. White, who was an active member of this society and a loyal member of the church.

On January 14, 1949, her Lord and Master called her to come up higher and be with her Saviour whom she loved and served faithfully.

We remember her as a willing worker and kind friend.

To her family we extend our sincere sympathy and commend them to that comfort and consolation which only the Lord can give and which is certainly promised to all his children.

Committee
Mrs. William W. Davis
Mrs. George M. Rogers
Mrs. John C. McMichael

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE W.G.M.S.

% American Mission is used with each foreign address

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941 — Campbellpur
Miss Minnie Beatty, 1912 — Abbottabad
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921 — Pasrur
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931 — Rawalpindi
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937 — Sangla Hill
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922 — Sialkot City
Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 — Hajipur, Sialkot City
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947 — Gujranwala
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1912 — Sheikhupura
Miss Dorothy M. Fisher, 1947 — Rawalpindi
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913 — Sheikhupura
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924 — Jhelum
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930 — Hajipur, Sialkot City
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938 — Sargodha
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921 — Sialkot City
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904 — Pasrur
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920 — Sargodha
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1933 — Sialkot City
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938 — Pasrur
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R.N., 1931 — Sialkot City
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 — Sangla Hill
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930 — Gujranwala
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 — Sargodha
Miss Louise Scott, 1916 — Gujranwala
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947 — Sialkot City
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 — Taxila

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 — Pathankot
Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1928 — Pathankot
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921 — Pathankot
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D., 1932; 1944 — Lady Irwin Sanitarium, Jubar via Sanawar, Simla Hills, East Punjab
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 — Pathankot

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 — 826 S. Ogden St., Denver, Colo.
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1919 — Sparta, Ill.
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926 — R. D. 5, Lebanon, Ind.
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937 — 721 Forest St., Hartford, Wisconsin
Miss Georga Wengert, 1919 — Lebo, Kansas

EGYPT

*Miss Mary T. Anderson, R.N., 1948 — Assiut
*Mrs. Don Armstrong, 1947 — Cairo
*Miss Margaret Bark, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N. 1931 — Assiut
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905 — Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945 — Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 — Assiut
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919 — Mansura
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915 — Cairo
*Miss Lois M. Finney, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909 — Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921 — Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 — Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924 — Cairo
*Miss Faith E. Hamilton, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Nellie V. Hill, R.N., 1945 — Tanta
*Miss Marian L. Jamieson, 1948 — Assiut
Miss Millie I. Kelso, 1946 — Benha
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 — Cairo
*Miss Helen V. Kirkness, R.N., 1947 — Tanta
*Miss Mary Lou Lash, 1948 — Assiut
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921 — Cairo
*Miss Mary L. Markley, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918 — Assiut
*Miss Beatrice McClellan, 1947 — Cairo
Miss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916 — Minia
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923 — Cairo
*Miss Shirley A. Moss, 1948 — Tanta
Miss Lucile B. Nichols, R.N.A., 1945 — Tanta
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 — Fayoum
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 — Tanta
Miss Frances Patton, 1922 — Mansura
*Miss Mary E. Reed, 1948 — Assiut
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1935 — Luxor
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925 — Benha
Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., 1922 — Cairo
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911 — Beni Suef
*Miss Norma Lee Squires, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948 — Assiut
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1945 — Tanta
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939 — Tanta
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 — Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930 — Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919 — Alexandria
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1913; 1935 — Beni Suef
Miss Ruth M. Williamson, 1924; 1944 — Tanta
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932 — Fayoum
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 — Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924 — Cairo
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 — Tanta

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915 — 7442 Trevanion Ave., Pittsburgh 18, Pa.
Miss Stella Robertston, 1922 — 111 S. 5th St., Sterling, Kansas

THE NORTH SUDAN

Miss Mary E. Coie, 1919 — Wad Medani
Miss Una Coie, 1918 — Khartoum North
*Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1947 — Atbara
Miss Aleta J. Matthews, 1946 — Khartoum North
*Miss M. Helen McCoy, 1947 — Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 — Atbara
*Miss Mary L. Shields, 1947 — Khartoum North
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921 — Khartoum North

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926 — 228 S. Water St., Olathe, Kansas
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 — Box 475, Morgan Hill, Calif.

THE SOUTH SUDAN

Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940 — Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945 — Nasir
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912 — Doleib Hill
Miss Jean Maxwell, M.N., 1946 — Nasir
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946 — Doleib Hill
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944 — Nasir
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948 — Akobo

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924 Kennedy School of Missions, Mackenzie Hall, Hartford, Conn.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1933 — Addis Ababa
*Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947 — Gorei
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946 — Sayo
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933 — Addis Ababa
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942 — Maji
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 — Addis Ababa
(All Maji and Sayo mail: Box 1111, Addis Ababa)

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1920 — c/o Mrs. S. Smith, 2040 Chestnut St., Philadelphia
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 — c/o A. C. Farner, 600 Church St., Huntington, Pa.

UNDER APPOINTMENT

Miss Carolyn E. Brewer, 1948 — 703 W. Main St., Washington, Iowa
Miss Alice Ruth Gabel, 1948 — 937 S. 76th St., Milwaukee 14, Wis.
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948 — 2718 Pine, Everett, Wash.
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948 — 18951—40th Pl., N. E., Seattle 55, Wash.
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949 — R. D. 3, New Castle, Pa.
Miss Phyllis A. Rogers, 1949 — 665 Dewey Rd., Bellingham, Wash.
Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1948 — Wexford, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 — Penn and Trenton Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 — 263 Park St., Socorro, N. Mexico
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884 — Box 992, Santa Ana, Calif.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 — Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 — 754—22nd St., San Diego, Calif.
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 — Penn & Trenton Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 — 325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Ind.
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902 — 642—37th Ave., S., St. Petersburg, Fla.

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911 — United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909 — Box 390, Webb City, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918 — 1128 State St., Emporia, Kansas
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894 — 121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899 — Assiut, Egypt
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906 — Aledo, Illinois
Miss Elizabeth McKibben — 1423 Liverpool St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902 — c/o Mrs. D. C. Wills, 12467 Cedar Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 — Penn & Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904 — 2235 Norwalk Ave., Los Angeles 41, Calif.

RETIRED FROM NORTH SUDAN

Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911, 1919 — Lenox, Iowa

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* Short Term Workers

HOME MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Rev. F. C. Patterson — Tama, Iowa
Rev. E. W. Machamer — Warm Springs, Oregon
Mr. F. E. Plank — Simnasho, Oregon
Cherokee Mission — Rte. No. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Miss Pearl Bear — Wheelock Academy, Millerton, Okla.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Mrs. Mary Ciancio — Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Miss Jean Dickie — Bloomfield, N. J.
Miss Ruth Findley — 520 South St., Glendale, Calif
Mrs. R. G. Russell — 36 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. J. C. Alter — 1920 Yolo Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
Miss Margaret Beveridge — Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Mae Beveridge — Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey — 8930 Hunt Ave., South Gate, Calif.

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY., SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Courter, Principal — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. John Besco — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Childs — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Wade Connoy — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Clyde Gilfillan — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Pearl Hatfield — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Anna Howard, Matron — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Grace Huntley — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Lindale — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alberta McBride — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Dorothea McKissick — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Winifred Moore, Sec. — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Merideth Peterson — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Lois Sacher — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Sarah Spiro — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mae Sprowl — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Roberta Stewart — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. M. Whitaker, Physical Ed. — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Martin Hovermale, Shop — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. John Besco, Dietitian-Cook — Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KENTUCKY, SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. William A. Heagen — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Sarah M. Conrad, Principal — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lois Anderson — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lucille Artman — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wilda Barnes — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth Bemis — Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Revis Carr — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lona Bess Dahle — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zillah Hawthorne, Secretary — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Beulah Hogan — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen — Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Thomas Moore — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gene Purdy — Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Rebecca Rodkey — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth Streblow — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Frances Widstrand — Ezel, Ky.
Miss Louie Frazier, Supt. Clothes Room — Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Stanley Trimble (Physical Ed.) — Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Dema Gilley, Dietitian-Cook — Ezel, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Miss Margaret Buren, Manager — Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Cochran, R.N. — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Bernie Phelps — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Polly Walker, R.N. — Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Thomas Forsythe, Dietitian-Cook — Frenchburg, Ky.

FRENCHBURG AND EZEL CHURCHES

Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Ayers — Ezel, Ky.

NEGRO MISSIONS

ANNEMANIE, ALA.

Mr. P. K. Thomas, Supt. — Annemanie, Ala.
Miss Georgia Lee Jackson — Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. Willie Knight — Annemanie, Ala.

CAMDEN, ALA.

Mr. A. C. Peoples, Supt. — Camden, Ala.
Mr. H. W. McKeldin, Assistant — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. M. B. Alford — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. J. L. Brooks — Camden, Ala.
Mr. H. H. Carson — Camden, Ala.
Mr. J. H. Clay — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. M. Edwards — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. C. B. Ephraim — Camden, Ala.
Mr. E. W. Lindsey — Camden, Ala.
Mr. J. L. McGadney — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. J. C. McKeldin — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. P. H. Parker — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. E. M. Parrish — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. G. H. Peoples — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. S. W. Rivers — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Prince Simmons — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. M. L. Smith — Camden, Ala.
Miss N. F. Smith — Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie L. Street — Camden, Ala.
Miss M. L. Thomas — Camden, Ala.
Miss A. B. Whitaker — Camden, Ala.

CHASE CITY, VIRGINIA

Miss Grayce L. Salley — Chase City, Va.

HENDERSON, N. C.
JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt. — Henderson, N. C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N. — Henderson, N. C.
(Four other graduate nurses)
(Twelve other workers)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Mary Conley — Henderson, N.C.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Miss Bertha Chambers — Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Patsy Kenneth — Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Smith — Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir — Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY, ALA.

Mr. N. D. Williams, Supt. — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. B. T. Ridgeway — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Virginia Dillard — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Pearley M. Easley — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Bernice Mallard — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Nellye Ogge — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Felicia Parker — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. C. T. Patterson — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Roma Patterson — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Wm. Talmage Peters — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. L. B. Ridgeway — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Pauline Shields — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Viola Thompson — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Bessie Washington — Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams — Miller's Ferry, Ala.

PRAIRIE, ALA.

Mr. William Peters, Supt. — Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. L. C. Hope — Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Bertha Kimbrough — Prairie, Ala.
Miss Dorothy Lowery — Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall — Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Wm. T. Peters — Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, pastor at Prairie and Annemanie

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Josephine Warren — 188 Liberty St., Knoxville, Tenn.
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. White — 825 First Avenue, Selma, Alabama
(Mr. White still supplies Camden, Canton Bend, and Miller's Ferry Churches)

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

(% American Mission should be added to each foreign address)

EGYPT

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Acheson—Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Bailey—Minia
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Elder—Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. K. Glen Fleming—Alexandria
Rev. Dalton Galloway, D.D.—Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison—Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Jamison—Tanta
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Jamison—Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. F. C. McClanahan—Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. Neal D. McClanahan—Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. McClanahan—Assiut
Mr. Everett W. McCreery—Assiut
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McFeeters—Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McGill—Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin—Fayoum
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin—Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Parkinson—Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. James W. Pollock—Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Russell—Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Skellie—Assiut
Rev. A. R. Stevenson—Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. F. Scott Thompson—Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson—Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. C. Bradley Watkins—Luxor

ON FURLOUGH

Mrs. Dalton Galloway—c/o Dr. W. N. Jamison, Indianola, Iowa
Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Gilmor—R. 6, Box 297, Fresno, Cal.
Rev. and Mrs. H. A. McGeoch—New Concord, Ohio
Mrs. A. R. Stevenson—R. D. No. 5, Mercer, Pa.

EAST PUNJAB, INDIA

Rev. and Mrs. J. Morgan McKelvey—Pathankot
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stewart—Dhariwal

WEST PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Dr. and Mrs. D. Emmet Alter—Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Joseph C. Alter—Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. James D. Brown—Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. Norval E. Christy—Taxila
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Christy—Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements—Pasrur
Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Foster—Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Glassman—Sargodha
Rev. and Mrs. John D. Harkness—Cambellpur
Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Karsgaard—Taxila
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin G. Lotze—Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. C. Emerson McBane—Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. Paul A. Miller—Gujranwala
Mr. Charles C. Millson—Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Milne—Qila Sheikhupura
Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ross—Lyallpur
Rev. and Mrs. LeRoy Selby—Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. Harris J. Stewart—Rawalpindi
Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Stewart—Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland—Jhelum
Dr. and Mrs. John Vroon—c/o United Christian Hospital, Lahore

ON FURLOUGH

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell—38 Alexander St., Princeton, N.J.
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Colvin—810 E. Detroit Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings—New Wilmington, Pa.
Rev. and Mrs. H. J. McGuill—600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Picken—600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Stewart—Atlantic, Iowa
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Whitfield—600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Adair—Doleib Hill via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Adair—Wanglei, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Anderson—Atar, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Leander Finley—Omdurman
Rev. Willard M. Galloway—Omdurman
Rev. and Mrs. T. Matthew Gilliland—Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. Robert G. Gordon—Wanglei, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Heasty—Doleib Hill, via Malakal
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Jordan—Nasir, Upper Nile Province
Dr. and Mrs. W. Don McClure—Akobo, Upper Nile Province
Mr. S. Robb McLaughlin—Doleib Hill, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Robert H. Meloy—El Obeid
Mr. and Mrs. Edward O. Pollock—Doleib Hill, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. H. Philips—Khartoum
Mr. Kenneth E. Rasmussen—Doleib Hill, via Malakal
Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Roode—Akobo, Upper Nile Prov.
Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Roy—Nasir, Upper Nile Prov.
Dr. and Mrs. Ried F. Shields—Khartoum
Dr. R. Trudinger—Abwong, via Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Walker—Gedaref
Mr. and Mrs. E. Alan Webb—Obel, via Malakal

ETHIOPIA

Dr. and Mrs. John A. Cremer—Sayo, via Addis Ababa
Dr. and Mrs. Donald M. Davies—Addis Ababa
Dr. and Mrs. F. Wm. den Dulk—Sayo, via Addis Ababa
Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Haspels—Addis Ababa
Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Henry—Gorei, via Addis Ababa
Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Russell—Maji, via Addis Ababa
Mr. and Mrs. Phil R. West—Addis Ababa

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Kissling—600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Rev. and Mrs. F. D. Henderson—542 N. Bever St., Wooster, Ohio
Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Hickman—1125 E. Detroit Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Moore—311 E. Jefferson Ave., Wheaton, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Philips—Salem, N. Y.

INDIA

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Chambers—340 S. Ridgewood Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla.
Dr. and Mrs. Osborne Crowe—New Wilmington, Pa.
Rev. D. R. Gordon, D.D.—2330 Carroll Park, S., Long Beach, Cal.
Rev. and Mrs. J. A. McArthur—814 E. Spring St., Boonville, Mo.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merriam—208 North "T" St., Monmouth, Ill.

SUDAN

Dr. and Mrs. Paul J. Smith—600 Schaff Bldg., Philadelphia 2, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Sowash—New Wilmington, Pa.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA

Sterling, Kansas, June 2-7, 1949

President ..... Mrs. John W. Steele, 3 Edwards St., Quincy, Massachusetts
First Vice President ..... Mrs. E. J. Vandervort, 107 S. James St., Sparta, Illinois
Second Vice President ..... Mrs. William McCreery, Sterling, Kansas
Secretary ..... Mrs. J. K. Stewart, 261 S. Elm Dr., Beverly Hills, California
Treasurer ..... Mrs. Samuel E. Baird, 907 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

LOCAL COMMITTEE

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Mrs. Howard D. McCalmont, Co-chairman	439 N. Broadway, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs John Dill, Assignment	Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Luella Tidrick	Campbell Hall, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. William Pinkerton	446 N. 6th, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Evert Haney	116 N. 5th, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. P. M. Dinsmore	Saxman, Kansas
Mrs. Ella Smith	609 N. 6th, Sterling, Kansas
Miss Fern Oline	329 N. 10th, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Arthur Asher	505 E. 6th, Hutchinson, Kansas
Mrs. R. T. M. McGill	511 E. Main, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. W. R. Irvine	301 N. 8th, Sterling, Kansas
Miss Ethel McKean	334 N. Broadway, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Beryl Welty	210 N. 6th, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Nelson Kilbourn	514 W. Main, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Howard Scott	217 N. 10th, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Paul Strickler	612 N. Broadway, Sterling, Kansas

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Corresponding Secretary: Miss Margaret Nelson, King Edward Apartments, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.
Assistant Secretary: Mrs. Robert S. Mellon, 600 Hampton St., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Treasurer: Mr. S. P. Steffler, 516 Federal Street, Pittsburgh 12, Pa.

ORPHANS' HOME

Mars, R. D. 1, Butler County, Pa.

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First Vice President: Mrs. Paul M. Duff, 204 Lexington Ave., Aspinwall, Pa.
Second Vice President: Miss Adelaide Mitchell, 1090 Devon Rd., Pittsburgh 13, Pa.
Recording Secretary: Mrs. John J. Campbell, 540 E. Pearl St., Butler, Pa.
Corresponding Secretary: Miss Mary White, 1145 Courtland St., E. E., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.
Donation Secretary: Mrs. M. C. Harrison, 1126 Greentree Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Financial Secretary: Miss Margaret B. Gilfillan, Washington Rd., R.F.D. 9, Pittsburgh 16, Pa.
Supts. of Home: Rev. and Mrs. D. Rayburn Campbell, U. P. Orphans' Home, R.F.D. 1, Mars, Pa.

COLUMBIA HOSPITAL

Penn and West Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

President: Mr. Clyde A. Armstrong, 2040 Beechwood Blvd., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.
First Vice President: Mr. Wm. Landis, 807 Maple Ave., Pittsburgh 18, Pa.
Second Vice President: Mrs. T. DeWitt Zuerner, 825 Bell Ave., Braddock, Pa.
Secretary: Mrs. David E. Renshaw, 616 Cascade Rd., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

HOME FOR AGED PEOPLE

Penn annd Trenton Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

President: Mrs. D. T. McKeag, 220 Belva St., Avalon, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.
First Vice President: Mrs. C. O. Anderson, 6880 Thomas Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Second Vice President: Miss Mary J. Park, 64 Waldorf St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Recording Secretary: Mrs. Edward L. Leyh, 30 Mission Drive, Pittsburgh 16, Pa.
Corresponding Secretary: Miss Elizabeth P. Gilmore, 617 Whitney Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Donation Secretary: Miss Nannie P. Moore, 5544 Baywood St., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.